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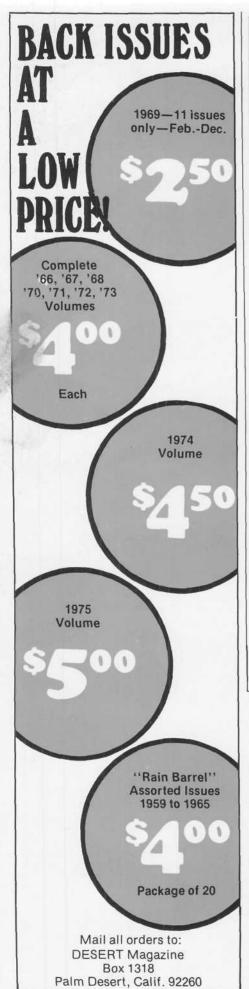
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THE COVER:
"Tuckin' In," an original
oil, 24"x18" by Patricia
Scarano of Port Angeles,
Washington. See article
on Page 24.

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A Peek n the Publisher's Poke

HE DESERT has an attraction to many people for its tranquility, others savor its recreational aspects, while another segment seeks its hidden wealth in the form of minerals and caches.

Larry Winkelman, of Orange, California, belongs to all these groups and owns and operates Allied Interiors at 966 N. Main St., which specializes in many types of equipment and accessories for the enjoyment of the outdoors. Any spare time that his business permits you'll find him camped out on the desert and exploring with his metal detectors.

On a recent monthly outing with the Prospectors Club of Southern California, a large active group of prospectors and treasure, lost mine and relic hunters, Larry hit

a small bonanza that easily won him the club's "Find of the Month."

Using a late model Compass metal detector, at a depth of about a foot, he located an old tobacco can (Prince Alberttype, used frequently by prospectors to keep their claim papers in). Opening the lid, Larry was astounded when coins started falling out, 139 of them, in fact, dating from 1824 to 1914.

Included in the find were large cents, Indian head pennies, two-cent pieces, three-cent pieces, a half-dime, shieldtype nickels, Liberty nickels, bust dimes, Liberty seated dime, barber dimes, a bust guarter, Liberty seated guarters, barber quarters, Liberty seated half-dollar, barber half-dollars and one gold coin,a 1911 five-dollar gold piece.

Larry declined to identify the exact area of the find, but did mention that it was an old desert mining district near California Highway 395.

This is a good time to remind you that the Ninth Annual National Prospectors and Treasure Hunters Convention will be held October 9th and 10th at the Tropico Mine

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in Rosamond, California. This is a family fun event put on by the Prospectors Club of Southern California and is a great way to spend a weekend in the desert and see one of the truly fascinating mines in the West. The latest models of metal detectors and related prospecting equipment will be on display in addition to the featured attractions of gold panning, dry washing, metal detecting and a Finder' Keepers' Treasure Hunt with coins and silver ingots worth hundreds of dollars. Plan now to join in the fun.



"A Lonely Desert Wash". Photo by George Service

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JEEP TRAILS TO COLORADO GHOST TOWNS by Robert L. Brown. An illustrated, detailed, informal history of life in the mining camps deep in the almost inaccessible mountain fastness of the Colorado Rockies. 58 towns are included as examples of the vigorous struggle for existence in the mining camps of the West. 239 pages, illustrated, end sheet map, hardcover, \$7.95.

RELICS OF THE WHITEMAN by Marvin and Helen Davis. A logical companion to Relics of the Redman, this book brings out a marked difference by showing in its illustrations just how "sudenly modern" the early West became after the arrival of the white man. The difference in artifacts typifies the historical background in each case. The same authors tell how and where to collect relics of these early days, tools needed, and how to display and sell valuable pieces. Paperback, well illustrated in color and b/w, 63 pages, \$3.95.

BLUE GOLD, The Turquoise Story by M. G. Broman. Information on the identification, history and mining of turquoise, as well as an introduction to the lapidary and silversmithing techniques used in making turquoise jewelry. This book is intended for the general reader who is interested in knowing more about the origin of turquoise as well as the interesting facets of buying, collecting and assembling of turquoise pieces. Paperback, color and b/w photos, \$4.95.



JESSE JAMES WAS ONE OF HIS NAMES by Del Schrader [with Jesse James III]. According to the author, Jesse James did not die as recorded in history, but lived to a ripe old age. This book details the lively escapades Jesse was supposed to be involved in following his attendance at "his own funeral." Interesting and exciting reading based on information supplied by Jesse James III, executor of his grandfather's will. Hardcover, illustrated with old photos, 296 pages, index, \$8.95.

THE OREGON DESERT by E. R. Jackman and R. A. Long. Filled with both facts and anecdotes, this is the only book on the little but fascinating deserts of Oregon. Anyone who reads this book will want to visit the areas—or wish they could. Hardcover, illustrated, 407 pages, \$8.95.

LOST MINES OF ARIZONA by Harold Weight. Covers the Lost Jabonero, lost mines of the Trigos, Buried Gold of Bicuner and others of southwestern Arizona. Paperback, \$2.00.

REPTILES AND AMPHIBIANS OF THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST by M. M. Heymann. Features 68 species, all in beautiful four-color photographs. Descriptions are stated in simple, non-technical terms. Extensive text tells of their origins and life-styles today. Extremely useful book for all who enjoy watching and learning about wildlife. Paperback, 77 pages, \$4.95.

BOOKS OF

NEW BAJA HANDBOOK for the Off-Pavement Motorist in Lower California by James T. Crow. Discover the real Baja that lies beyond the edge of the paved road, the unspoiled, out-of-the-way places unknown to the credit-card tourist. The author, drawing from his extensive travels in these parts, tells where to go, what to take along, the common sense of getting ready. Illustrated, paperback, 95 pages, \$3.95.

CALIFORNIA by David Muench and Ray Atkeson. Two of the West's greatest color photographers have presented their finest works to create the vibrations of the oceans, lakes, mountains and deserts of California. Their photographic presentations, combined with the moving text of David Toll, makes this a classic in Western Americana. Large 11x14 format, hardcover, 186 pages, \$25.00.

DICTIONARY OF PREHISTORIC INDIAN ARTIFACTS OF THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST by Franklin Barnett. A highly informative book that both illustrates and describes Indian artifacts of the Southwest, it is a valuable guide for the person interested in archaeology and anthropology. Includes 250 major types of artifacts. Each item has a photo and definition. Paperback, 130 pages, beautifully illustrated, \$7.95.



DESERT GEM TRAILS by Mary Frances Strong
The ''bible'' for both amateur and veteran rockhounds and backcountry explorers, DESERT
Magazine's Field Trip Editor has brought up-todate her popular field guide. Areas have been
deleted which are now closed to the public, and
maps updated. Heavy paperback, 80 pages,
\$2.00.

ADVENTURES IN THE REDWOODS by Harriett E. Weaver. Miss Weaver, California's first woman park ranger, tells the fascinating history of the giant redwood, and in addition, gives a detailed guide to all major redwood groves in both the coastal and Sierra regions. Beautifully illustrated, paperback, 160 pages, \$2.95.

FORKED TONGUES AND BROKEN TREATIES Edited by Donald E. Worcester. This book gives us a better understanding of the unequal struggle of native against immigrant while our nation was being explored and settled. Profusely illustrated with excellent photos, a "must" reference for historians, students, librarians. Hardcover, 494 pages, \$9.95.

WHERE TO FIND GOLD IN THE MOTHER LODE by James Klein. As in his Where to Find Gold in the Desert and Where to Find Gold in Southern California, author Klein guides you to the areas in which people are doing the best now. He includes history, tips on equipment needed, how to pan, how to stake claims, etc. Paperback, 121 pages, illustrated with photos and maps, \$4.95 each.

CAMPING AND CLIMBING IN BAJA by John Robinson. Contains excellent maps and photos. A guidebook to the Sierra San Pedro Martir and the Sierra Juarez of Upper Baja Calif. Much of this land is unexplored and unmapped still. Car routes to famous ranches and camping spots in palm-studded canyons with trout streams tempt weekend tourists who aren't up to hiking. Paperback, 96 pages, \$2.95.

GUIDE FOR INSULATOR COLLECTORS by John C. Tibbitts. This is the third and final book on insulators by veteran bottle collector John Tibbitts. This third book has a revised price list and index to insulators described in the previous two volumes. However, each volume describes insulators not shown in the other books, so for a complete roundup of all insulators, all three volumes are needed. Books are paperback, averaging 120 pages, illus., \$3.00 EACH. Please state WHICH VOLUME when ordering.

HANS KLEIBER, Artist of the Bighorn Mountains by Emmie Mygatt and Roberta Cheney. A man who loved nature above all, this legacy of Hans Kleiber's superb etchings and paintings is admirably presented by the authors as a glimpse into the experiences which served as background and inspiration for his art. Horizontal 8½x11 format, 74 etchings, 22 paintings, aquatints, photographs, cloth bound, boxed, \$17.95.



HISTORICAL ATLAS OF NEW MEXICO by Warren A. Beck and Ynez D. Haase. Geographical data, sites of preshistoric civilizations, events of history, first towns, stagecoach lines, historic trails, etc., are included in this comprehensive atlas. Excellent maps, index. Hardcover, highly recommended, \$5.95.

HISTORICAL ATLAS OF CALIFORNIA by Warren A. Beck and Ynez D. Hasse. Extensive documentation and pertinent detail make this atlas a valuable aid to the student, scholar and everyone interested in the Golden State. 101 excellent maps present information on the major faults, early Spanish explorations, Mexican land grants, routes to gold fields, the Butterfield and Pony Express routes, CCC camps, World War II Installations, etc. Hardcover, extensive index, highly recommended, \$9.95.

THE CREATIVE OJO BOOK by Diane Thomas. Instructions for making the colorful yarn talismans originally made by Pueblo and Mexican Indians. Included are directions for wall-hung ojos, necklaces, mobiles and gift-wrap tie-ons. Well illustrated with 4-color photographs, 52 pages, paperback, \$2.95.

THE CARE OF DESERT REPTILES by Karl H. Switak. This small, but informative booklet contains 4-color photos of all species included, and were photographed in their native habitat. Interesting information regarding Distribution; Size; Food, and Care. \$1.50.

THE WEST

SUCCESSFUL COIN HUNTING by Charles L. Garrett. An informative study of coin hunting, this is a complete guide on where to search, metal detector selection and use, digging tools and accessories, how to dig and the care and handling of coins. A classic book in the field. 181 pages, paperback, \$5.00.

TALES OF THE SUPERSTITIONS, The Origins of The Lost Dutchman Legend by Robert Blair. An intriguing and well documented account of the fabulous Lost Dutchman, the author turns up new clues and signatures which will prove to be both a setback and a stimulus to the search for the legendary mine. Paperback, 175 pages, \$4.95.

RAY MANLEY'S SOUTHWESTERN INDIAN ARTS AND CRAFTS is a full color presentation of the culture of the Southwest including jewelry, pottery, baskets, rugs, kachinas, Indian art and sandpaintings. 225 color photographs, interesting descriptive text. Heavy paperback, 96 pages, \$7.95.

LOST MINES OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST by John D. Mitchell. The first of Mitchell's lost mine books is now available after having been out of print or years. Reproduced from the original copy and containing 54 articles based on accounts from people Mitchell interviewed. He spent his entire adult life investigating reports and legends of lost mines and treasures of the Southwest. Hardcover, illustrated, 175 pages, \$7.50.



GHOST TOWNS OF THE COLORADO ROCK-IES by Robert L. Brown. Written by the author of Jeep Trails to Colorado Ghost Towns, this book deals with ghost towns accessible by passenger car. Gives directions and maps for finding towns along with historical backgrounds. Hardcover, 401 pages, \$7.95.

THE CAVE PAINTINGS OF BAJA CALIFORNIA, The Great Murals of an Unknown People by Harry Crosby. A sequel to his The King's Highway in Baja California, the author presents a tantalizing disclosure of a sweeping panorama of great murals executed by an unknown people in a land which has barely been penetrated by man. Beautifully illustrated with color reproductions of cave paintings and sketches of figures which appear on cave walls in four different mountain ranges. Hardcover, large format, 174 pages, \$18.50.

GOLD RUSH COUNTRY by the Editors of Sunset Books. A revised and up-dated practical guide to California's Mother Lode country. Divided into geographical areas for easy weekend trips, the 8x11 heavy paperback new edition is profusely illustrated with photos and maps. Special features and anecdotes of historical and present day activities. Four-color cover, 96 pages, \$2.95.

NEVADA GHOST TOWNS AND MINING CAMPS by Stanley W. Paher. Covering all of Nevada's 17 counties, Paher has documented 575 mining camps, many of which have been erased from the earth. The book contains the greatest and most complete collection of historic photographs of Nevada ever published. This, coupled with his excellent writing and map, creates a book of lasting value. Large format, 700 photographs, hardcover, 492 pages, \$15.00

BUTCH CASSIDY, My Brother by Lula Parker Betenson. Official version of the authentic life story of Butch Cassidy, actually Robert Leroy Parker, famed outlaw of his native Utah and adjoining states, told by his surviving sister. The book also offers a new look at Utah Mormom history by a participant. Hardcover, many rare pictues, 265 pages, \$7.95.

GEOLOGY FIELD GUIDE TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA by Robert P. Sharp. Designed for people without any formal acquaintance with geology, this book provides some understanding of basic geological matters, furnishes descriptions of geological features and relationships in 9 natural provinces within Southern California and serves as a guide to geological features visible in Southern California that can be seen while traveling by car along highways. Well illustrated with maps and pictures, paperback, 181 pages, \$4.95.



CALIFORNIA-NEVADA GHOST TOWN ATLAS and SOUTHWESTERN GHOST TOWN ATLAS by Robert Neil Johnson. These atlases are excellent do-it-yourself guides to lead you back to scenes and places of the early West. Some photos and many detailed maps with legends and bright, detailed descriptions of what you will see; also mileage and highway designations. Heavy paperback, each contains 48 pages, each Atlas priced at \$2.00.

MY CANYONLANDS by Kent Frost. A vivid account of the early exploration of Utah's Canyonlands by the author who spent his entire life exploring America's new national park and who presently runs a guide service through the scenic country. Hardcover, artist illustrations, 160 pages, \$5.00.

GOLD DIGGERS ATLAS by Robert Neil Johnson. Maps covering the areas from California east to Texas and north to British Columbia show where gold has been found. Gives likely sites of "buried treasure tales" such as the Lost Breyfogle Ledge, Lost Adams Cave, Lost Arch Mine, Lost mule Shoe Gold, Lost Black Rock Silver and many more. Paperback, \$3.00.

CALIFORNIA YEARBOOK, Bicentennial Edition. Contains 25 separate chapters covering all aspects of the state. Comprehensive index of names, places, topics and events. 400 pages of accurate, up-to-date information and statistics. Large format, paperback, \$4.95.

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GOLDEN CHIA, by Harrison Doyle. This book illustrates the great difference between the high desert chia, and the Mexican variety presently sold in the health food stores. It identifies the energy-factor, a little-known trace mineral found only in the high desert seeds. Also includes a section on vitamins, minerals, proteins, enzymes, etc., needed for good nutrition. Referred to as "the only reference book in America on this ancient Indian energy food. 100 pages, illustrated, Paperback, \$4.75; Cloth Cover, \$7.75.

LOST MINES AND HIDDEN TREASURES by Leland Lovelace. Authoritative and exact accounts give locations and fascinating data about a lost lake of gold in California, buried Aztec ingots in Arizona, kegs of coins, and all sorts of exciting booty for treasure seekers. Hardcover, \$5.95.

ON DESERT TRAILS by Randall Henderson, founder and publisher of Desert Magazine for 23 years. One of the first good writers to reveal the beauty of the mysterious desert areas. Henderson's experiences, combined with his comments on the desert of yesterday and today, make this a MUST for those who really want to understand the desert. 375 pages, illustrated. Hardcover, \$7.50.

TOP BOTTLES U.S.A. by Art and Jewel Umberger. The discovery of a rare old bottle opens up a new understanding of life at an earlier period. A collection of old medicine bottles takes one back to a slower, less complicated life-style. A time when a concoction of aromatic bitters could cure almost anything. The authors have an expertise in their field that cannot be challenged. Illustrated, paperback, \$4.50.



BAJA CALIFORNIA GUIDE by Cliff Cross includes highway information on the new transpeninsula highway, accommodations, etc. All updated material, 60 maps, 450 photos, large format, \$4.95.

TREASURE HUNTER'S MANUAL #7 by Karl von Mueller. Treasure, or treasure trove, may consist of anything having a cash or convertible value; money in all forms, bullion, jewelry, guns, gems, heirlooms, genuine antiques, rare letters and documents, rare books and much, much more. This complete manual covers every facet of treasure hunting. Paperback, 293 pages, illustrated, \$6.50.

WELLS FARGO, The Legend by Dale Robertson. In his personal narrative style, the author has recreated the Wells Fargo legend, bringing to life the Concord stage, Black Bart, the intrepid stage drivers, the California Gold Rush and Nevada silver strike. Beautiful illustrations by Roy Purcell. Paperback, 154 pages, \$4.95.

WILDLIFE OF THE SOUTHWEST DESERTS by Jim Cornett. Written for the layman and serious students alike, this is an excellent book on all of the common animals of the Southwest deserts. A must for desert explorers, it presents a brief life history of everything from ants to burros. Paperback, 80 pages, illustrated, \$2.99.

COOK BOOKS

For the outdoor enthusiast, and those who like to flavor their life with the unusual



ROUGHING IT EASY by Dian Thomas, puts the fun back into camping with easy and economical ways to prepare foods, equip a campsite and organize a camping trip. Paperback, 203 pages, \$5.95.

AMERICAN INDIAN FOOD AND LORE by Carolyn Neithammer. Original Indian plants used for foods, medicinal purposes, etc., described, plus unusual recipes. Large format, 191 pages, profusely illustrated, \$4.95.

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CROCKERY COOKERY by Mable Hoffman. 262 tested slow-cooker recipes. Contains Consumer's Guide to various pots, temperature charts and details on how the recipes work with each pot. 176 pages illus., \$4.95.

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THE DESERT By Russell D. Butcher

The American desert covers a vast area of the West, from the Rio Grande to the California Sierras and north to the sagebrush plains of Oregon. Here, on high mountain ranges and in hidden canyons, unique flowers bloom overnight. On remote plateaus rare wildlife makes its last stand against encroaching civilization, and isolated marshes—remnants of lost lakes—give sustenance to migrating birds.

Russell Butcher, free-lance photographer and writer, states in his Fore-word:

"To many people, the desert seems only a barren wasteland, a terrifyingly empty land of crushing heat, venomous reptiles, and thorny plant life—a place that is best scurried across on a four-lane freeway on the way to somewhere else.

"But for a growing number of others, the subtropical and rain-shadow deserts of the West are endlessly fascinating environments—where the slanting sun of early morning and late afternoon accentuates the colors and textures of the land, the songs of birds fill the air, masses of brilliant spring wildflowers carpet the ground, and the brightest

canopy of stars moves across the sky at night.

"As Randall Henderson, founder of Desert Magazine, wrote in On Desert Trails, 'the real desert . . . is not for the eyes of the superficial observer or the fearful soul of a cynic. It is a land which reveals its true character only to those who come with courage, tolerance, and understanding."

"It is my hope that the photographs and text of this book, portraying some of the outstanding and most accessible desert places, will help inspire a deeper understanding of the beauty and meaning of the deserts."

Mr. Butcher's superb photographs reveal all the mystery and wonder of this awesome and intensely vulnerable environment. His text explores the geological origins of spectacular desert formations and the remarkable means of survival employed by the creatures that abide in places so hostile to life. An attentive observer and confirmed nature-lover, he makes us fully aware of the richness of the desert experience.

Also included are informative guides to the parks, wildernesses, desert gardens, and museums, and useful suggestions about ways to meet the hazards of the desert.

Large format, excellent photography, 128 pages, hardcover, \$17.50.



WESTERN SIERRA JEEP TRAILS By Roger Mitchell

In this, the fifth book in his Jeep Trails series, Mitchell describes 20 interesting backcountry trips easily accessible from the population centers of California's great central valley.

Most of the routes described have some feature of significance for the history buff, the sportsman, the naturalist, and the photographer. All offer scenic beauty. All routes require backcountry vehicles, and none should be attempted by conventional passenger cars. Using what he terms "The Mitchell Scale," Roger includes a rating system so you can determine just how difficult a route is before you try it.

This latest guide is more than just an inventory of rough roads on the western slope of the Sierra. It will probably introduce you to a land you never thought was accessible except by foot.

Paperback, well illustrated with maps and photos, \$2.50.



ARIZONA PLACE NAMES By Will C. Barnes Revised and enlarged by Byrd H. Granger

Arizona is the sixth largest state in the nation, encompassing 113,810 square miles in which the elevation varies from 137 feet above sea level to the lofty San Francisco Peaks, rising 12,610 feet. The state contains violent contrasts, from burning desert floor to evergreen-clad mountains with running streams.

Roughly the state divides into three areas. The first is the Arizona, also called the Coconino, Plateau. Toward the south the plateau slopes to its rim, the great Mogollon escarpment, which drops abruptly hundreds of feet into the Basin area of the state.

Arizona's topography has, of course, had a primary effect on her place names.

In this volume, the countys are listed alphabetically, with a brief history given of each. The place names are then listed alphabetically within the county. Elevation, map coordinates, history and references are then given for each place name.

Information is included on post offices, their dates of establishment, names of first postmasters, changes in the name of the office, and the date of discontinuance if known. Also included is information on Wells Fargo Stations.

The volume contains Biographical Information, a Map Bibliography, 18 pages of Maps, and an extensive index.

Large format, hardcover, \$11.50.

OREGON'S GOLDEN YEARS

Miles F. Potter

Gold! I've struck gold!

"This cry draws men like a magnet," says Miles F. Potter, "and it can turn a country topsy-turvy."

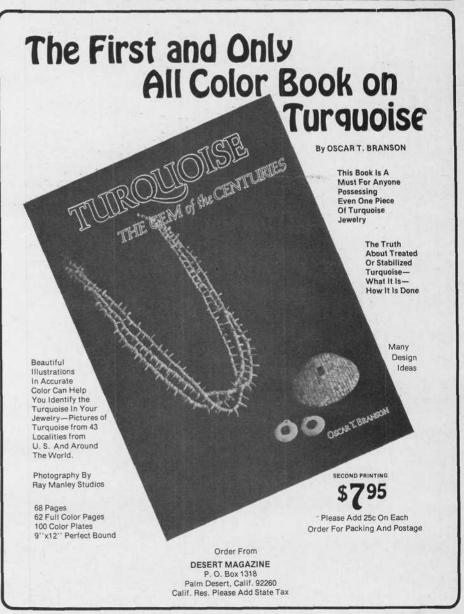
A single handful of shiny nuggets changed Oregon from quiet settlement in the Willamette Valley to a brawling frontier that stretched from the Rockies to the Pacific Ocean. Thousands of adventuresome souls faced staggering hardships as they streamed across two thousand miles of America's wastelands, armed with pick and shovel, lured on by dreams of golden treasure at trail's end.

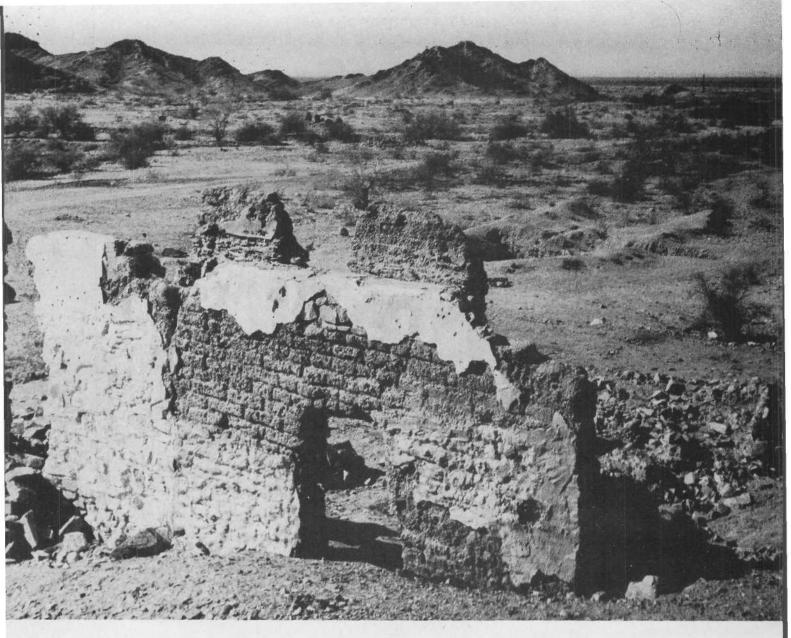
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TUMCO ...

The Forgotten

Ghost

by ROLAND WEST

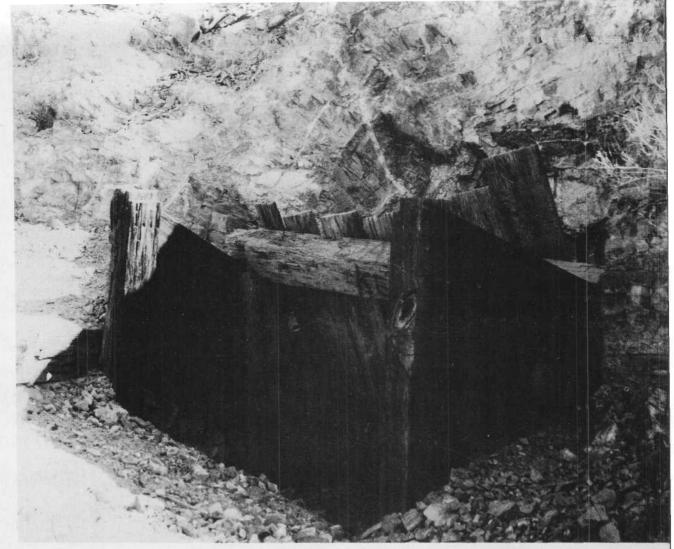
OST AMID the myths and legends of other more glamorous ghost towns, Tumco lies almost forgotten in the southeast corner of California's Colorado Desert.

Tumco is easily reached by passenger car via Highway S34, which runs north from Interstate 8 near the Arizona and California state line to Highway 78 going east out of Brawley. The Tumco turnoff is well marked and only a mile or so down an unimproved but adequate road.

Definitely not a stereotype ghost town, all that remains are a few crumbling adobe walls, some foundations, and many, many shafts. The shafts are of particular interest. It is almost unbelievable that so many could exist in such a concentrated location. Several are dug at such an angle it's a wonder a man ever entered or emerged except on his stomach, not to mention the difficulty of getting ore out. Some are on small knolls and plunge straight down. Care should be taken when approaching any of the shafts as the footing can be very tricky.

Indians originally mined the area in a crude fashion, and there are still well-defined paths and trails where, in days past, many artifacts could be seen.

From 1865 to 1870, Mexicans mined the area, but kept their operations low



Left: Crumbling memories of bygone days. Right: A cave-in, an everpresent danger.

key so as not to arouse the suspicions of the people around the area and in Yuma, a short distance to the east.

Sometime in the 1880s, a Swedish track walker for the Southern Pacific Railroad by the name of Hedges, discovered gold in the area. Apparently the Swede was more interested in looking for gold than walking track, and would take excursions into the surrounding canyons looking for it. Soon after his strike, a town sprung up, taking the name of the track walker.

At the height of activity, Hedges boasted of a population of over 3,000 and four saloons along Stingaree Gulch. As was the case in most mining camps, Hedges had a Chinese family who ran the grocery store.

One thing missing from the lifestyle in Hedges, which seems to be part of the history of all mining camps of that era, was violence and camp girls. In fact, compared to Panamint City, Hedges was very tame. There is only one infamous deed on record. A Mexican boy by the name of Pedro was accused of stealing a bar of gold and was hanged.

Three bars of gold had been processed one morning and left unattended for a short time. When the foreman returned for them, only two remained. Pedro, who had been working nearby, was accused of taking the missing gold bar and was asked to return it. Denying the theft, he was hung by his thumbs over the cyanide vats while the miners implored him to confess, return the gold bar, and nothing would happen to him. Proclaiming his innocence, the miners, who had by this time become violent, dragged him down, put a rope around his neck and hanged him. Years later, while dismantling the mill, a gold bar was found in the foundation.

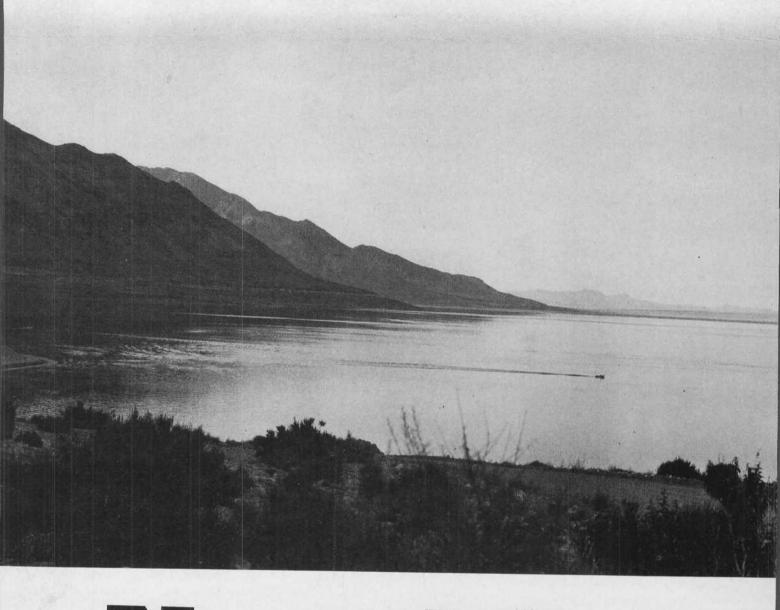
Hedges hauled his processed gold in wagons to the railroad in nearby Ogilby, where it was then shipped to the San Francisco mint. When Hedges decided he had enough gold and was tired of mining, he sold his interests to a gentleman by the name of Borden of the Borden Milk family. Borden changed the name of Hedges to The United Mines Company. The town promptly became known as Tumco, the initials of the The

United Mines Company. Tumco finally withered away in 1909, due to the rising costs of mining and the fixed price of gold. Tumco had another brief life from 1913 to 1916.

There is at least one weekend prospector working the area now, and seems to be staking claims everywhere. However, a rockhound in the area says the claims are illegal.

Actually, the rockhound had some interesting stories of Tumco and the surrounding area. According to him, Spaniards mined the area during the days of Cortez. Supposedly, they would fill their ships with sand from Africa's gold coast for ballast, sail around Cape Horn, up the Gulf of California and into the Colorado River near Yuma, where they would dump the sand and take on gold for their return voyage. An expert on sand, knowing what to look for, can still find much of this sand.

Another interesting comment from the rockhound was that the area has been assayed for every conceivable type of mineral except platinum. Another boom for forgotten Tumco?



Nevadas Walker trasts, Walke tral Nevada, the surround the blue sky mountains. A ert lake with definite appe outdoor recre It was nam mont in hone

by RUSSELL G. MILLS

HE SAGE-DOTTED mountains and valleys across Nevada change only in an infinite variety of shapes and colors. Occasionally, however, the other side of the range reveals a sight that is in sharp contrast to this succession of rock, sage and alkali flat. One of these con-

trasts, Walker Lake, located in west-central Nevada, adds a sparkling accent to the surrounding countryside, reflecting the blue sky and the warm colors of the mountains. Although it is a tropical desert lake with sparse vegetation, it has a definite appeal, both to the eye and to outdoor recreation.

It was named, in 1845, by John Fremont in honor of the famous mountain man and explorer, Joseph Walker. Walker's trail blazing through Nevada led him past the lake in 1833 as he

Above: Looking north on Walker Lake with Wassuk Mountains on the left. Right: Typical example of the old beaches. searched for any easy Sierra crossing. Although another explorer, Jedidiah Smith, may have seen the lake as early as 1827, its discovery has been generally credited to Walker, who also was responsible for recording much of the early information on the area.

Walker Lake is located just north of Hawthorne on U.S. Highway 95, and lies between the Wassuk Mountains on the west and the Gillis Range to the east. The fertile valley north of the lake is the home of the Walker River Paiutes. The ancestors of these native Americans lived in the area around the lake and were first seen by the early explorers. Today, the Walker River Indian Reservation covers over 300,000 acres of sage and grassland.

The valley south of the lake is occupied by Hawthorne, Babbitt and the U.S. Naval Ammunition Depot. Hawthorne was founded in 1880 as a stop on the Carson and Colorado Railroad. Later, when the railroad closed, the town began a series of ups and downs through the following years. Hawthorne was relatively unaffected by the mining boom of the Comstock to the north or of Tonopah and

Goldfield to the south, but it played a minor role in providing supplies to the miners, particularly those working claims closer to the area.

The city reached something of a stability in 1930, however, when the U.S. Naval Ammunition Depot and its town of Babbitt were located in the immediate area. Four years prior, in 1926, when the depot was located on the east coast, it suffered a disastrous explosion, so the government decided to move it to a more remote location. Today, the ammunition bunkers are spread out over the southern portion of the valley and are seen as hundreds of precisely placed mounds of earth.

Hawthorne is also the center of outdoor recreation for the area. It has excellent accommodations for its size and has become a stopping point for travelers on the north-south, Reno to Las Vegas route.

Nearby, on the lakeshore, facilities are available for campers, picnickers, boaters and swimmers. Rockhounds, too, will find this an interesting area, as the mineral deposits offer many specimens.

Fall is the beginning of fishing season.

Unlike most angling waters, fishing is a cool weather sport on Walker Lake, due primarily to the combination of shallow water and the heat of summer. The alkaline water certainly hasn't affected the size of the trout, with three- and fourpounders common and bigger ones caught every year. In the past, when the number of native cutthroat trout declined, the Nevada Fish and Game Department began planting an experimental trout hybrid-a cross between a rainbow and a cutthroat. These fish have been thriving and the lake has continued to have trout that are something to talk about-or maybe lie about.

Boating and, of course, water skiing have always been popular on the lake and each summer the added attraction of a 100-mile marathon draws racing boat enthusiasts from all over the U.S. The equally popular sport of swimming has always made the lake a favorite spot. In the early days, however, the circumstances were often somewhat unusual.

On one occasion, on a hot, dry summer day in the late 1890's, the little narrow gauge C&C train was puffing along the lakeshore in a cloud of dust when it



LOST MINES AND TREASURES OF THE SOUTHWEST

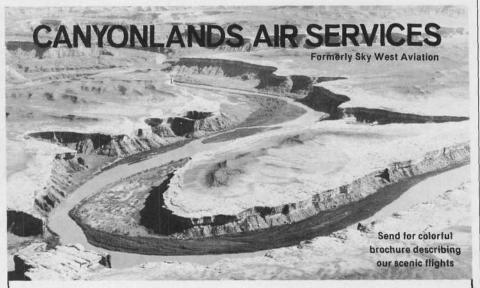
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GIVE

Desert

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began slowing, then finally stopped. After what seemed to be an extended wait, one of the passengers, the wife of a newspaper editor, became impatient and decided to find out what caused the delay. She stepped off the train and walked alongside the cars, but found that the brakeman was not at his usual station in the back. She then looked for the conductor and baggageman and they, too, were missing. Finally, she walked up toward the still-steaming loco-



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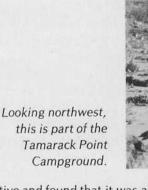


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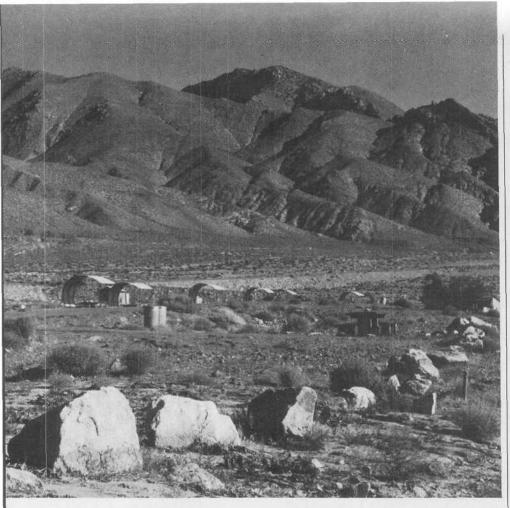


motive and found that it was abandoned.

Puzzled, she began to look around the area. Then she noticed footprints in the sand and, following them, arrived at the beach where she was shocked to find the entire train crew in the water taking a cooling swim. History doesn't reveal whether or not the lady tried to have her husband write an editorial condemning this practice, one that apparently was fairly common on the old C&C.

Most all of the western lakeshore is accessible. The highway snakes along the steep eastern flank of the Wassuk Mountains and is the only access to the water, for there are no major roads on the east side of the lake. There are picnic spots, campgrounds, boat launching facilities, miles of open beaches, and now, a few homes are beginning to dot the upper shoreline.

Two campgrounds were built by the Bureau of Land Management and are operated by the county. Sportsman's Beach is 15 miles from the center of Hawthorne and Tamarack Point is three miles further north. Both have cabanatype shelters with picnic tables and fire pits. Closer to town, boat rental and more launching facilities are also available. For those, however, who love the



beauty of the desert, the lake offers a colorful and interesting panorama, especially the rock-strewn shoreline, terraced high above the lake.

These irregular beaches provide a glimpse into the lake's past as well as a visual calendar of its decline. Walker Lake was once the southernmost tip of Lake Lahontan, a Pleistocene body of water that covered a large portion of northwest Nevada. Although the present lake is fairly large, its 20-mile length and four- to five-mile width is just a small part of the original, which once extended into California, to the Oregon border and eastward into central Nevada.

Just as the present desert lakes in Nevada have no outlet, Lahontan also filled, over the years, from the mountain runoff while the water sank into the soil and evaporated faster than the lake could be filled. The 800-foot-deep lake, which covered over 8000 square miles, began a 50,000-year decline that eventually left valleys filled with sand, alkali flats and seven remnant pools, two of which are permanent: Pyramid and Walker Lakes.

The highest point on the mountainsides that felt the prehistoric waves is called the Lahontan Beach, and it clearly shows the magnitude of this ancient body of water. This is apparent while driving along U.S. 95 and observing the beaches, terraced from the water's edge to the tufa formations high above the road, for the high-water mark is over 300 feet above the present lake's surface!

Unfortunately, Walker Lake has shown a decline just in the short period of its recorded history, because it suffers the same fate as its giant predecessor, Lahontan: insufficient water to overcome evaporation. The lake is fed principally by the Walker River. The East and West Walker Rivers tumble out of the steep eastern scarp of the Sierras, flow northward until they converge south of Yerrington, then swing in a wide loop to the south to empty into Walker Lake. As with most of Nevada's rivers, the upstream water use depletes the flow into the lake. Hopefully, conservation programs will stop the lake's decline and still allow use of the river's water.

In future years, it will be far more pleasant to stand in the cool grey before dawn listening to the wildlife at water's edge, than to gaze down from the highway to a huge alkali flat radiating heat waves as just another valley between the succession of Nevada's mountains.



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HE HITE area is the beginning and end of boating on long and spectacular Lake Powell in southern Utah. As the uppermost accessible area on this long desert-canyon reservoir, Hite is the beginning of conventional boating and other lake activities. As the first place it is possible to leave the Colorado River gorge at the lower end of Cataract Canyon, Hite is the end of their adventure for river runners.

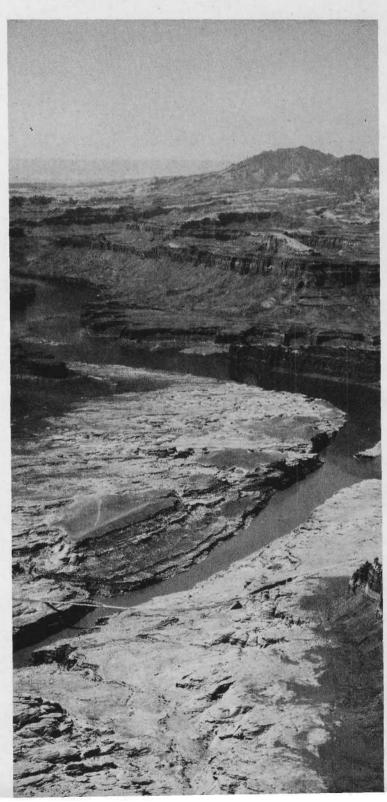
From the last rapids in Cataract Canyon to Glen Canyon Dam, the immense concrete plug that created Lake Powell, it is 110 air miles. By water, the same trip would cover almost 180 miles, because of the twisting, turning nature of the Colorado River gorge that the lake fills.

Within this labyrinth of sheer-walled canyons, sand dune beaches and magnificent vistas set among towering monoliths of red-hued sandstone, there are several major zones of activity, each with its own special highlights.

The lower end of the lake is the most highly developed, with its lodges, motels, trailer parks, big campgrounds, marina, the nearby town of Page, and other facilities. The dam, itself, the spectacular highway bridge that spans Glen Canyon just below the dam and the visitor center that perches on the canyon rim all attract heavy visitation to the Wahweap zone of Lake Powell.

One hundred miles uplake, the marinas at Hall's Crossing and Bullfrog Basin are the center of another zone of lake activity. These marinas are served by paved roads that approach the lake from the north and south.

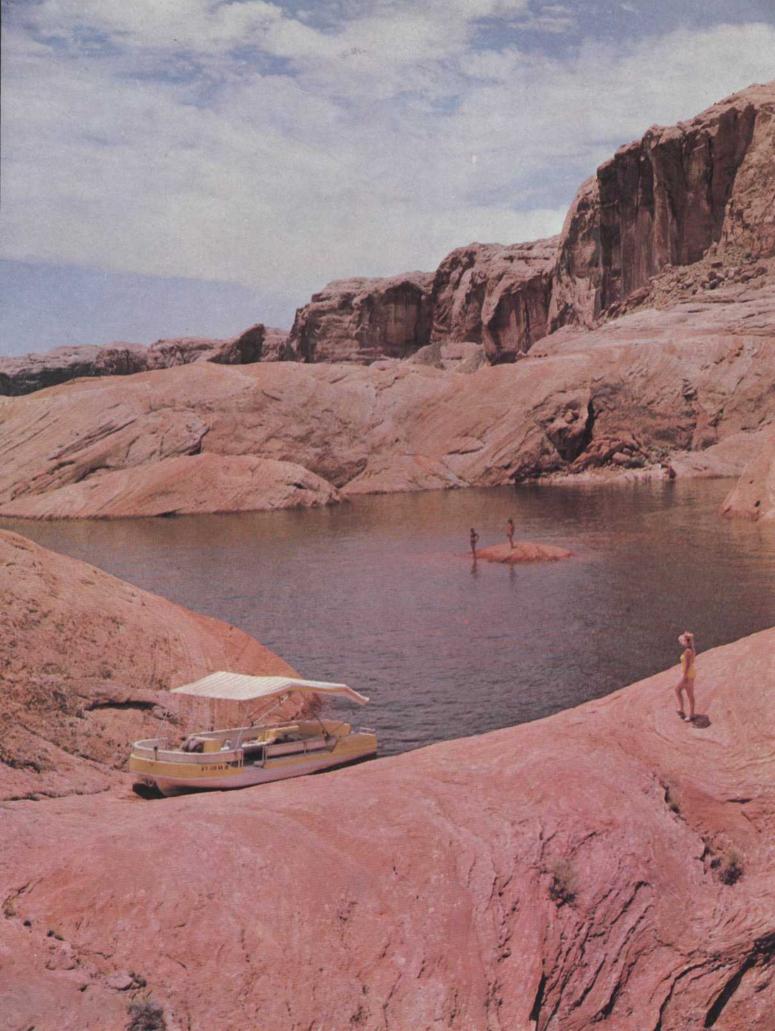
Midway between Wahweap and Bullfrog-Hall's Crossing, Rainbow Bridge National Monument is the focus for another zone of activity. Here, there is no

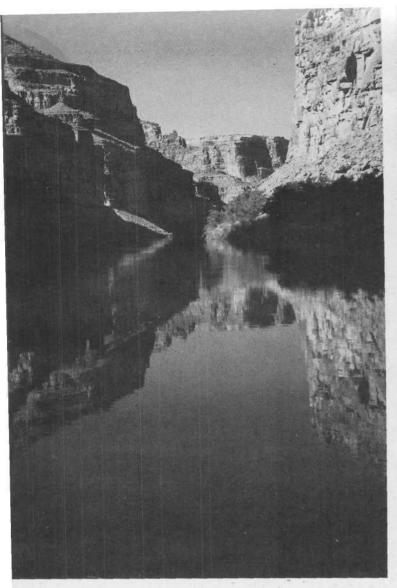


by F. A. BARNES

> Slickrock shores, downlake from Hite.

This aerial view of the Hite region of Lake Powell shows its broad expanses of white slickrock, towering redrock cliffs, the Utah 95 bridge across the main channel, in the lower left, and part of the Henry Mountains in the distance.







Above: The Hite airstrip is beside the main road, between the two Utah 95 bridges. There are no facilities at the strip, and no aviation fuel. By prior arrangement air tour operators at Moab, Blanding, Canyonlands Resort and Page will pick up passengers at the Hite airstrip for scenic tours or delivery to other points. The strip is also used for air-ambulance purposes. Left: The ancient rock walls of the Colorado River gorge above Hite create a shifting kaleidoscope of reflections and shadows.

approach to the lake by road, but beaters from both directions converge to fuel-up at the floating marina, and to dock near-by for the short hike to incomparable Rainbow Bridge, the world's largest natural bridge.

About 50 miles uplake from Hall's Crossing, roughly 150 boating miles from the dam, the Hite area is the uppermost zone of activity on Lake Powell. Here, Utah 95, one of the most scenic highways in the state, crosses the narrow gorge of the ancient Colorado River on a single magnificent arc of silvery steel, and nearby developments offer lake visitors almost every facility, service and activity to be found in the busier zones, but on a smaller, less elaborate scale. Visitors to the Hite area have most of the conveniences of the larger developments on the lake, plus the added advantages that go with its remote location.

Unlike most of the present centers of activity on Lake Powell, the Hite area has a place in the early history of Utah. In 1883, a prospector and fugitive from

justice named Cass Hite arrived at the Colorado River near the mouth of Trachyte Creek. There, he settled until his death in 1914. Over the decades, Cass Hite developed a small farm on the river bottomland, built and operated a small store and ran a river ferry at nearby "Dandy Crossing." Hite, who acquired the Navajo Indian name "Pish-La-Ki" (Silver Man), called his remote desert-canyon eden "Ticaboo," a Paiute word meaning "friendly." In contrast, as infrequent travelers came his way, Cass Hite acquired a reputation as a cantankerous old hermit.

Hite was buried in a side canyon farther down river from the little settlement. His grave is now deep beneath the blue waters of Lake Powell.

There are those who argue that Cass Hite wasn't as ornery as held by popular viewpoint. One man who knew him personally claims that the gruff exterior was but a facade covering a gentle, well-read person with a keen sense of humor. That man is Jim Bacon, of Roosevelt, Utah.

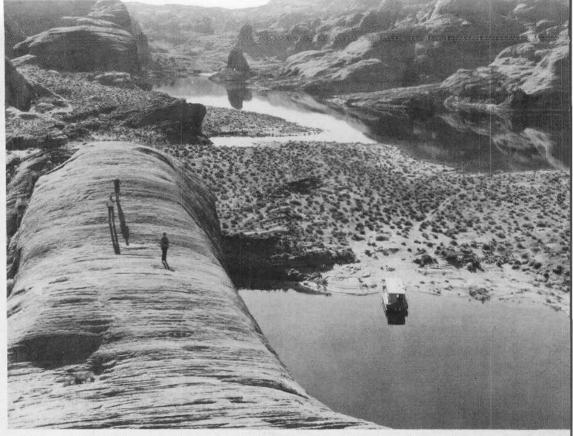
In his late teens, Bacon got acquainted

with old Cass Hite while delivering mail by horseback between Hanksville and Hite one summer. The following winter, Bacon sent Hite an ornately carved ink stand from distant Provo. The gift traveled by train to Green River, and on to Hite by horseback mail. In return, Hite sent Bacon a thank-you letter that was a touchingly sentimental poem.

Decades later, long after the death of Cass Hite, and as the tiny settlements at Hite and on the other side of the river were about to be inundated by the rising waters of Lake Powell, someone took Jim Bacon for a cruise on the lake and stopped at Cass Hite's "Garden of Ticaboo." The long-abandoned orchard and garden were about dead, and due to be drowned forever, but Bacon found one scrawny little grape vine still clinging to life.

He dug this up, took it home to Roosevelt and within a couple of years it was bearing grapes; a living, thriving memento of a fascinating chapter in Utah's early history. Since then, other Utah residents have taken cuttings from that





vine, thus keeping the memory of Cass Hite alive in a very personal way.

The original settlement of Hite, and Dandy Crossing, were eight and one-half miles downlake from the present Utah 95 bridge, and five miles below the present Hite Marina. The road that originally approached Hite from the north has long since been drowned, as the waters of the lake have penetrated three miles into Trachyte Canyon, but on the south side of the lake, part of the original route, somewhat improved now, is still in use as an approach to the Farley Canyon arm of Lake Powell.

Today, Cass Hite would have trouble recognizing the area that bears his name on modern maps of Lake Powell. His "Ticaboo," and the White Canyon settlement across the river, are now under hundreds of feet of water, a modern marina juts out from the base of cliffs that were once high above the riverbank, a paved, all-weather highway carries a wide assortment of automotive vehicles across two bridges that are engineering marvels, and countless boats of all sizes ply the turquoise waters that flood the river gorge and its many bays and sidecanyons.

This view of the Hite area shows Utah 95 descending to the lake level at the base of the cliffs to the left. The highway bridges the Dirty Devil arm of the lake a mile or so up that slickrock canyon.

Hite Marina houseboat rentals offer leisurely exploration of Lake Powell's main channel and countless sidecanyons. Sandy beaches provide great campsites.

Yet, doubtless, Hite would still love this wild and remote place, because other than a wider, bluer strip of water where the muddy Colorado River once ran, the area's spectacular natural beauty is largely unchanged.

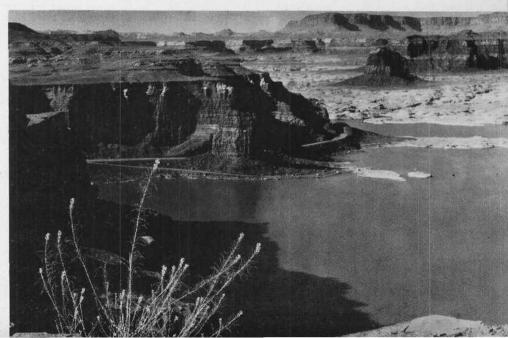
The geology of the Hite region is unique and the basis of its beauty. In the vicinity of the marina, newer, more colorful sedimentary strata stand upon an exposed base of almost pure white, monolithic rock called Cedar Mesa Sandstone. Both the Colorado River, and its

local tributary, the Dirty Devil, have cut deep gorges into this light-hued rock.

At the present lake level, most of the main river gorge is under water, with the white sandstone that once rimmed the canyon now forming solid rock "beaches." The Dirty Devil, however, is now accessible by boat for miles, as the lake water rises between its sheer, age-patinated walls.

Soaring, terraced walls of dark-colored Cutler, Moenkopi and Chinle deposits

Continued on Page 38



EAST OF IN

OR THOSE who enjoy stalking the past, California's Owens Valley has no parallel. This great trough, separating the mighty Sierra-Nevada Range from the lofty White and Inyo Mountains, is cradled by magnificent scenery, steeped in history and rich in outdoor pleasures. It is a living showcase where the present has blended well with the past. All the accourrements for an exciting weekend trip or outstanding vacation are yours for the taking. With so much to see and do in Owens Valley, a problem arises in deciding where to begin. Why not explore, as we did- "East of Independence?"

A short distance south of the little town of Independence, in central Owens Valley, a paved road leads easterly across the valley floor to the base of the Inyo Mountains. Along this route and its immediate environs lie numerous sites of historical interest. Here, the valley's

first gold was discovered, hostile Indians were fought and original towns rose. Settlement did not come easy.

Prehistoric Indians were the first to occupy lush and lovely Owens Valley. Numerous artifacts and petroglyphs left behind indicate their presence over a long period of time. When the first white men entered the valley, they found a large tribe of Piutes in residence. They were friendly to the explorers—Jedidiah Smith (1826), Peter Skene Ogden (1829), Joe Walker (1833) and John C. Fremont (1844).

The California Gold Strike of 1849 became the match that lit the flame of mass migration to the western frontier. It also brought an end to the friendliness of the Owens Valley Indians when prospectors and settlers began to usurp their lands. During the next decade, marauding bands of Indians burned cabins and murdered both settlers and prospectors.

This action served their purpose. Fear of Indian attacks brought a halt to settlement of the valley.

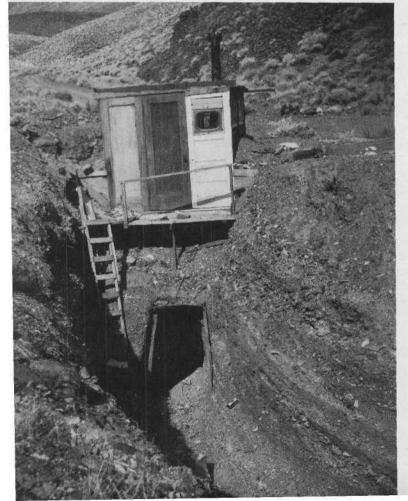
Upon the urging of settlers, a military directive was finally sent to Lt. Colonel George C. Evans, at Los Angeles. It ordered him to "prepare for a Mono-Owens River Expedition." On July 4, 1862, Colonel Evans arrived at Oak Creek with a contingent of the Second Cavalry consisting of 200 men and 46 supply wagons. Because of the date, the site was named Camp Independence. This show of force and a half-dozen serious skirmishes eventually brought an uneasy peace to the valley. Once again, settlers and prospectors began to arrive.

"Free Gold" was found east of Camp Independence and the San Carlos Mining and Exploration Company organized. A rich vein of galena and some promising silver prospects were soon located and claimed. Such news spread quickly and San Carlos Camp began to take shape. The Indians were quiet and, in early 1864, the military force was recalled. Camp Independence was abandoned.

Indian depradation quickly began again. Lone teamsters and travelers, isolated settlers and prospectors were ambushed. When Mrs. Mary McQuire and her six-year-old son were wantonly murdered, settlers brought pressure to bear on the military. Camp Independence was reactivated and the resultant "Indian War" brought peace throughout the valley. It is not a pretty story but has been ably told by W. A. Chalfant in *The Story of Inyo*. Camp Independence remained garrisoned until final abandonment in 1877.

Summer of 1863 saw numerous changes taking place in central Owens Valley. Freight wagons regularly rolled through, both to and from the new strike at Aurora and other northern camps. Settlers arrived almost daily. East of Camp Independence, along the Owens River, rival towns of Bend City and San Carlos were developing.

San Carlos was first to boast a population of over 200, some 30 houses and a



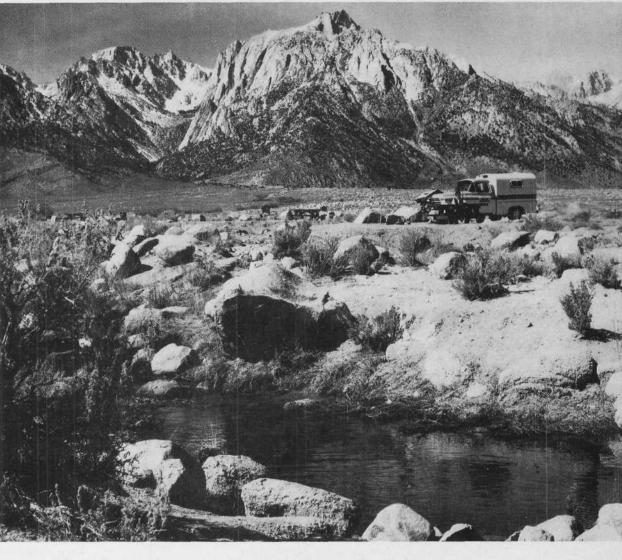
A good dirt road leads up Mazourka Canyon to Badger Flat at 9,000 feet in the Inyo Mountains. It is a very picturesque drive and along the way are many interesting mining operations. This placer claim has all the comforts of home within easy reach of the "diggings."

DEPENDENCE

MARY FRANCES STRONG

Photos by Jerry Strong





business district which included stores, assay office and butcher shop. A newly opened express office was handling supply shipments and a ferry provided transportation across the river.

Three miles south, Bend City became a "metropolis" with all the services necessary for gracious living. Included among the businesses were blacksmith shops, eating houses, a saddle and harness maker, shoe shop, tailor shop, Chinese laundry and saloon. Two hotels offered overnight accommodations. In order to outdo San Carlos, their ferry service was replaced with a bridge.

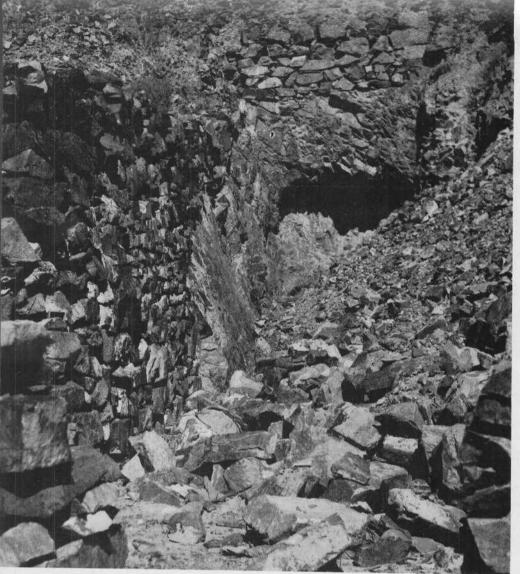
Mining development was proceeding at a rapid pace. The Union and Ida Mills, along with several smaller ones, were barely able to process all the ore. It seemed as if every hill and gully in the Inyo Mountains was under claim. A year later, the boom was over. However, a few mines did prove out and have been active from time to time over the years.

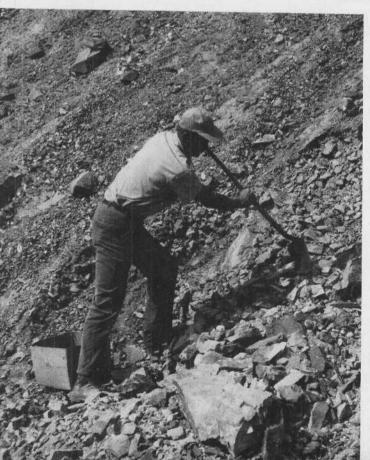
The decline in mining had a profound effect on the towns of San Carlos and Bend City. Most of the miners and prospectors had departed the river towns for new horizons. To the west, Independence had been founded and became the seat of newly-established Inyo County. Remaining business men gradually moved to the "new city." Perhaps the fickle fingers of fate had entered the scene at the proper time, because on March 26, 1872, at 2:30 A.M., a great earthquake occurred.

The adobe villages of Bend City and

San Carlos were almost destroyed. The new, brick courthouse at Independence collapsed. Adobe mine buildings tumbled to the ground. Long fissures, one a 12-mile crack, opened in the valley floor. Land on the east dropped 15 feet as it shifted northward. Owens River changed its course and left Bend City high and dry. Camp Independence reported over 200 after-shocks during the 17-hour period following the quake. Twenty-six people were killed and many injured. Had Bend City and San Carlos been at their peak population, deaths would have possibly been in the hundreds.

Rebuilding commenced at Independence almost immediately with wood construction replacing adobe. Settlement continued and, in 1883, a branch of





Digging in the mine dump, Jerry uncovered three bismal bottles, silver spoon and a silver matchbox.

The adit of the Green Monster Mine has almost been sealed by a collapsing retaining wall. An early day [1860's] gold claim, it later produced copper.

the Carson and Colorado Railroad was completed from Tonopah Junction to Keeler at the southern end of Owens Valley. With a faster means of transportation for their products, farmers and ranchers prospered. New mining developments also aided the growing economy of the valley.

East of Independence, lode and placer mining continued in Mazourka and Bonanza Canyons, as well as Santa Rita Flat. Bend City and San Carlos had not rebuilt after the earthquake and only a few frame buildings remained in use. A bridge over the river's new bed gave access to mines in the surrounding areas.

Today, the region east of Independence may be easily explored and most of the sites mentioned visited. Fourtenths of a mile south of Market Street (the main east-west drag of Independence), turn left from Highway 395 onto a paved road which heads easterly toward the base of the Inyo Mountains. The Los Angeles Aqueduct will be crossed in about two miles and, a little over a mile beyond, the road drops over the 15-foot scarp left by the earthquake of 1872. We enjoyed walking around the scarp which illustrates the tremendous force and strength of this particular quake.

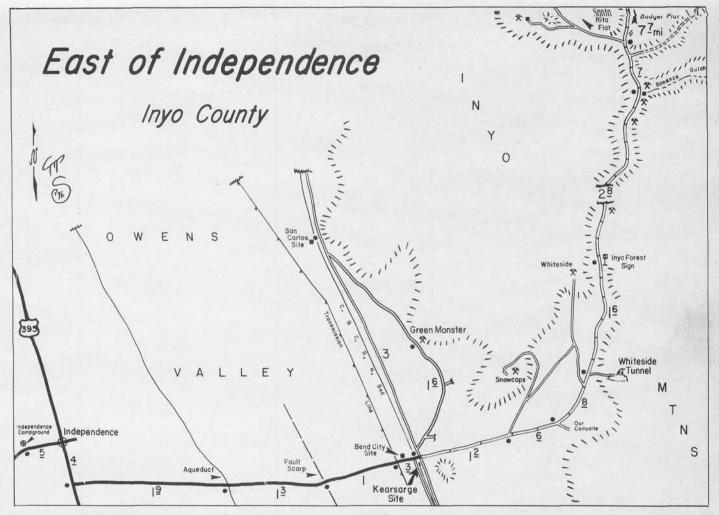
Another mile of travel will bring you to a transmission line. Just beyond, to the north, lie the ruins of Bend City. They are easy to miss—just mounds of adobe among bushes of sage and rabbitbrush. First flung to the ground by an earthquake, time and the elements are melding the adobe walls back into the ground.

Walking among the faint ruins, it is hard to imagine this was once a large community—much less being located on a bend of the river. Bottle hunters and relic collectors "dug" the site long ago and carted away the spoils. However, even today, a bottle manages to surface now and then.

Continuing a short distance east, the paved road ends at the site of Kearsarge Station on the Carson and Colorado Railroad. The old, narrow-gauge railbed is still visible as is the McIver Canal—once used to supply water to several mills.

sed to supply water to several mills.

The station was originally named



Independence and there was a movement to re-establish the county seat along the railroad. Several hopeful business men and a saloon keeper set up shop on the site. However, the town showed her ''independence'' by electing to remain at her present location. For many years, the station was called ''Citrus,'' which was later changed to Kearsarge. A station, residence for the section boss and a bunkhouse for Chinese laborers occupied the site in early years. Only debris now marks the locale.

Ahead lies Mazourka Canyon—a narrow, wash-cut defile in the Inyo Mountains. The earliest prospectors discovered gold in the canyon, but Indian hostility prevented development of their claims. An off-shoot canyon, named Bonanza Gulch, has been the scene of placer mining for nearly 100 years. The area is still under claim and active. Placer gold was also mined on Santa Rita Flat. The Black Eagle, Jumbo, Green

We were delighted with our ''souvenirs'' found at the Green Monster Mine. This silver matchbox, Circa 1904, still contained two matches.

Monster, Custer and other mines have produced gold, lead-silver-zinc, tungsten, iron and copper.

A good dirt road leads up through Mazourka Canyon and climbs to Badger Flat at an elevation of 9000 feet in the Inyos. It is a fascinating trip with panoramic views of the valley and Sierras. We lunched under picturesque old cedars of tremendous size then stopped to look over the Blue Bell Copper Mine. Nothing

of interest was noted at this prospect.

Down in Mazourka Canyon, a dirt road makes a circle tour of "Pop's Gulch" and Santa Rita Flat. Along the way, there are interesting mining operations to look over but do not trespass on posted property. Also, you will want to see the Whiteside Mine Tunnel—so safe it was designated an "emergency shelter" for the region. It is said to have been a

Continued on Page 40



WESTERN ART

Emotions on ON CANVAS

by J. M. MOYNAHAN



Patricia Scarano



"Puppies Belong Outside"

F A person's inner self can be transmitted through art, then the inner self revealed in the works of Pat Scarano display warmth, understanding and dignity. She says of her paintings, "It's my way of expressing the deep emotions and feelings I have." The viewer can see these elements in her art and the longer one looks at her works the more sensitive and inspiring they become.

How are these elements developed in



Oil, 20"x30"

a person? Through age, maturation, experience, well—yes, partially, but maybe more they are inherited attributes only possessed by a few people. No matter how they are acquired or developed, Pat Scarano is one artist who characteristically displays them.

Miss Scarano has been a "full time" artist for a relatively short time—six years. She has, however, engaged in artistic endeavors for a much longer period of time. She is dedicated to her profes-

sion, working at least eight hours a day on various artistic endeavors. Although partially self-taught, she has studied under Leslie B. DeMille, David Barkley and John Pogany. In addition, she was a student at the University of Washington.

She lives in Port Angeles, Washington, which is one of the gateways to the beautiful Olympic National Park. Many of her summers are spent in the Park in a favorite retreat—a retreat she has gone to since childhood. This area abounds

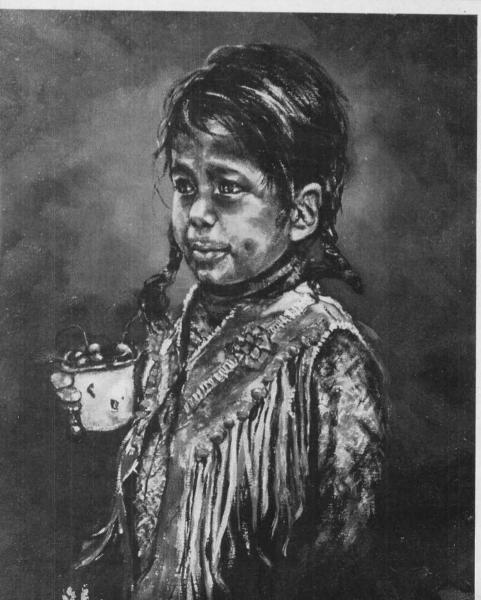
with various forms of wildlife and with its spectacular scenery serves as a backdrop for many of her landscapes. She transmits in these landscapes a feeling of endless freedom which is so characteristic of the area.

In addition to her landscapes, Miss Scarano also paints the contemporary Indian. Many of her subjects are placed in an idealized manner which gives a nostalgic feeling. It is significant that her grandmother was half-Indian and was



raised by Indian parents. It is her grandmother who transmitted to Pat an awareness of the pride, strength and gentleness of the Indian nation. And the artist has in turn shared this with us.

Her main subjects, therefore, are landscapes and contemporary Indians. Her dealings with Indian children should be particularly noted. With children she is capable of capturing the small events of their lives and making these events a central theme in her creative talents. Pat shows a tenderness and warmth in dealing with these very special subjects. This has undoubtedly come from her experiences in raising a large (six children) family. As she notes, "Being a mother is a natural part of me, being an artist is every bit as natural." This feeling, combined with her artistic talents, readily explains her success in painting children.





Striving toward growth, Pat tries to continually learn as she goes along. She says, "In each painting I want to learn and grow, but at the same time I wish to retain and keep practicing the things I have already learned." The artist does not see this as a one way road, that is, doing all of the learning without paying back. On occasion she has shared her artistic talents and knowledge with others by teaching art workshops through the Peninsula College in Port Angeles.

Not only does Pat work in the field with her art, but she also works in her studio. What she adds from retrospect reflects painstaking research, much of which can be done in her studio which is stocked with a good collection of resource materials. She does not confine her research to contemporary artists or





"Father's Daughter" Oil, 16" x 20"

From the collection of Mr. & Mrs. Carr.

techniques, but reads the old masters. Pat is particularly fond of the work of Peter Paul Rubens and J. M. W. Turner. She loves the color of Rubens and the drama and beauty of the creative genius of Turner. Some of their influence can be seen in her work. Her paintings are enjoyed and sold at the C. M. Russell Auction, Artists of the Old West, Nebraskaland Days Annual Professional Western Art Exhibit, Western and Wild-

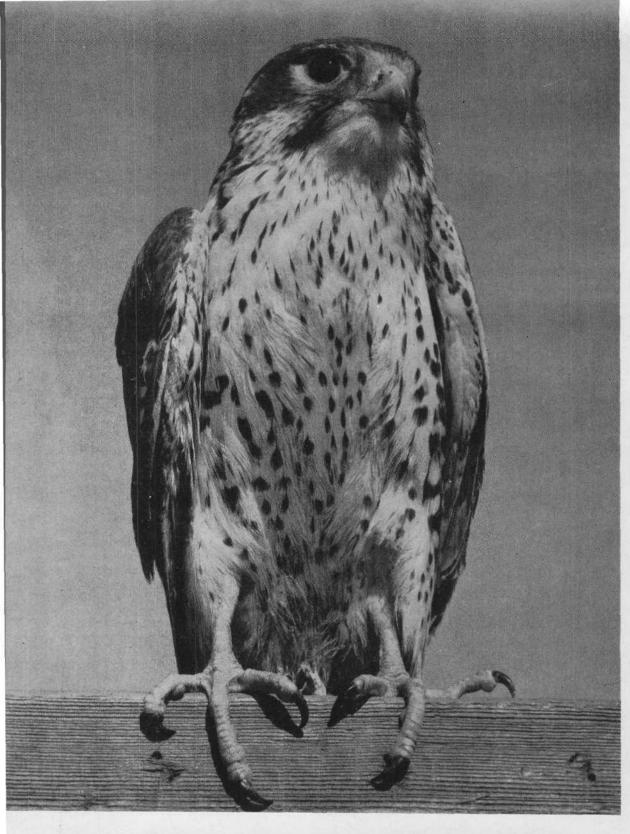
Top left: Oil, 18"x24"
"Sitting Out of the Sun"
From the collection of Mr. & Mrs. Huss.
Far left: Oil, 16"x20"
"Sour Cherries"
Left: Oil, 16"x20"
"Hushbaby"

Desert/September 1976

life Bicentennial Art Exhibit, Pacific Northwest Indian Center Show and Sale and the National Western Art Show.

In addition to these shows her art is on display at Thackray Gallery, San Diego, California; Sierra West Gallery, Livermore, California, and Desert Magazine Gallery in Palm Desert, California. More public interest in her talents are sure to come since she has recently sold the reproduction rights of several paintings to Trans World Graphics.

The warm, creative talents of Pat Scarano have a long and bright future. She says, "Art has chosen me rather than me it." It doesn't really matter how the choosing was done. The public is just very lucky that Pat Scarano and the field of art got together.



Long talons enable the Prairie Falcon to grasp tightly on its prey, even through several layers of feathers as found on quail and dove.

by JIM CORNETT

DESERT FALCON

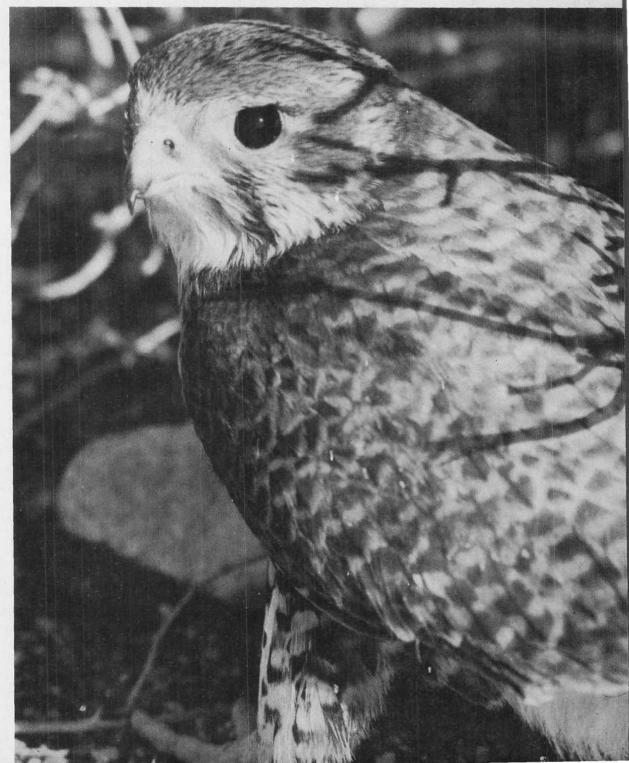
HE PRAIRIE FALCON of the Southwest deserts may be the fastest creature alive. Clocked at speeds over 50 mph, some observers claim this desert falcon flies even faster, over 100 mph, when diving from high altitudes.

Though capable of fast, powerful flight, prairie falcons are better known for their low cruising over open flats. With rapid wing beats, these predatory birds skirt a few feet above the ground — a mode of travel ideally suited for sneak attacks on luckless dove or quail. A falcon suddenly appearing over a

shrub at 30 mph will surprise even the most wary animal. I have witnessed mixed groups of dove and quail leisurely feeding when suddenly a prairie falcon zooms into their midst scattering birds and feathers in all directions. The fruit of this labor is often a plump quail, one of the prairie falcon's favorite delicacies.

Prairie falcons are adaptable birds, abandoning their low-flying sneak attack as occasion demands. One early spring afternoon while driving down a lonely desert highway a prairie falcon was seen flying in a queer zig-zag manner about

50 feet off the ground. This seemingly odd behavior lasted nearly five minutes, the falcon constantly swooping within a few feet of a shrub, then pulling out straight into the air. As we approached, the seven-inch figure of a round-tailed squirrel could be seen hiding beneath the bush, obviously in near panic. The little rodent was finally frightened into making a dash for his burrow — but he didn't quite make it. A lightning 50-foot plunge by the falcon caught the squirrel dead in his tracks, the kill being made by the dagger-like talons.



The fast-flying Prairie Falcon is found throughout the Southwest deserts. With a naturally high body temperature, the falcon seldom overheats. But even these birds must seek what meager shade is available when the hot summer sun is overhead.

Desert/September 1976

As a bird of prey, the falcon is unmatched in his ability to subdue his victims, even if they are larger and more powerful than himself. The great horned owl, found throughout the Southwest, is nearly three times the size of a prairie falcon, yet has been known to wind up on the falcon's list of prey. Great horned owls have weak eyesight during daylight hours and a prairie falcon may take advantage of this handicap. Driving its victim into the open, the falcon repeatedly bombards the confused owl. In a short time the powerful dives and deadly talons take their toll, the falcon feeding upon his spoils.

In addition to quail and an occasional owl, prairie falcons feed upon a wide assortment of smaller animals including crickets, grasshoppers, sparrows, and apparently snakes. It has been widely believed that prairie falcons do not consume snakes. Recently, investigators at the Desert Museum in Palm Springs, California, have gained evidence disputing this notion. Working with an injured wild bird, recuperating in captivity, members of the Museum's staff found the falcon would readily eat snakes but only after it neatly removed the tough, scaly hide. So taken with the ease and precision with which the falcon handled the skinning operation, the investigators felt the bird must have been quite experienced at feeding upon serpents.

Unlike most predators who are said to hunt only for the food, the prairie falcon may hunt just for the sheer exhilaration of a chase. Naturalist David Nunro observed a falcon which repeatedly flew nearly 70 feet upwards, an object clasped in its talons. Upon reaching that height, the object would be dropped, the falcon swooping down and catching it a few feet off the ground. Occasionally the bird would miss the object, allowing it to hit the soil, then pouncing upon it. Several times the bird grasped the "toy" in its beak and tossed it several feet away, only to jump on it again. Finally the bird tired of its "game" and flew off, Nunro hustling over to the site where the mysterious object lay. To his amazement, the "toy" turned out to be a piece of dried manure!

The prairie falcon is an attractive bird with bright yellow legs and feet, brown mottled back, and white breast with dark spotting. A medium-sized raptor, this falcon averages 17 to 20 inches from beak to tail with a wingspan of 40 inches. This places him between the red-tailed hawk and the sparrow hawk in size. When seen flying, the tapering, pointed wings, long straight tail, light underparts, and dark axillars (junction of wing and body) help identify this fast-flying bird.

The prairie falcon is most often observed during winter when ranging widely in search of prey. Common to many areas of the Southwest, these birds are often overlooked as a result of their low-flying habits. During spring they

become more localized in their distribution as males and females stake out territories. These territories are specific areas which usually provide ample food for both parents and offspring. By definition such areas are defended - even against human intruders - should they enter the nest area. Nesting sites are usually totally inaccessible, high on some precipitous cliff face. Following mating the female lays from three to six pink eggs, covered with numerous specks. Incubation time varies but normally averages around 30 days whereupon the homely, down-covered young break through their shells and take their first look at mom and dad. The parents must now hurriedly search for prey. The youngsters are fed partially digested food for a time until they can tear apart the animals left for them. The digested food is regurgitated by the parents who feed prior to returning to the nest. Although distasteful to human standards, this practice provides necessary moisture and an easily digested meal for the young falcons.

Even with the great care given the young by the parents there is a high mortality rate in the first month of life. Nearly 35 percent of the newly hatched falcons die during these first critical weeks. Fortunately, the falcons that do make it out of the nest can mate before they are one year of age, early breeding partially compensating for the high mortality.

The continued presence of the prairie falcon in our desert skies has recently been subject to some doubt. The team of Phillips, Marshall, and Monson, from the University of Arizona, have found that the closely related peregrine falcon is now replacing the prairie falcon throughout much of Arizona. Some observers have seen actual battles between the two species, the more aggressive peregrine falcon presumably coming out on top. However, the final outcome of this strife will probably not result from the interaction between these two species. The desert is one of those rare environments in which the success of an animal is critically dependent upon its ability to cope with the desert itself, rather than a competing species. Thus the falcon best adapted to the rigors of a desert environment, with its intense heat, dryness, and peculiar food resources will be the ultimate victor. My guess is it will be the desert falcon.

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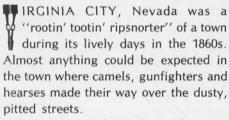
GIVE Desert

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Virginia City Schoolhouse. Courtesy Nevada Historical Society.

A Lesson With Lead

by CRAIG MacDONALD

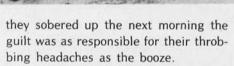


Since it was such a "roaring, bust 'em in the gut" city, it was not surprising when two intoxicated miners waddled into Maguire's New Melodian Theatre and began tearing it apart while a play was in process.

Actors and customers fled out the exits as the two nuisances drew Bowie knives and slashed the curtain to shreads. Next, the rowdies attacked the stage equipment and finally the seats.

What had provoked this disgusting act is not known, but the two were probably looking for something which would get them attention and came up with the idea to "attack" the theatre. Luckily for them, no one in the audience put an end to their performance with a piece of lead but, then again, such rambunctious action was not uncommon, and most residents partook in it one time or another.

During the fracas, one of the actresses stayed out on stage and patiently waited for the rowdies' fit to end. As soon as the two men had done about all they could, the petite lady lashed out at them with an acid tongue and a thunder of profanity and curses. Needless to say, the guilty party felt a bit wrong and when



In an act of apology, they presented the city \$1,000 in hard cash and asked that it be used for the betterment of the Comstock. Local officials determined that the money could best be used in hiring a teacher that might educate and uplift Virginia City.

However, hiring a teacher was no easy task since teachers lasted about as long as gunslingers. Of the three previous schoolmasters, one lay peacefully in Flowery Hill Cemetery, another moved East after losing an eye, and the most recent quit, having lost an ear and a leg. It seems the students, who were always twice the size of their instructors, were the ones wanting to do the educating.

After searching far and wide, city officials decided to hire a university graduate named Harold Floty. He was timid, skinny and short, but he was the only one willing to give the Virginia City schoolhouse a go.

On Monday morning, the pupils, many of which were straight from the mines, waited anxiously by the front gate to see their new teacher. Some had brought snakes, others whistles and one even had a small piece of dynamite. They were going to test the new schoolmaster's patience and a few even placed bets on how soon their educator would depart.

"What a pushover," was the whisper-

ed response after the pupils got a glimpse of their bespectacled, bean pole instructor who carried a smooth skin valise.

But Harold Floty was a calm customer. After his students were seated, he opened his curious little carrying case and produced three six-shooters and a long, recently-sharpened Bowie knife.

In a soft spoken voice, Harold ordered the biggest bully to ring the school bell prior to leading the class in prayers. The oversized bully was not one to challenge a cocked gun and reluctantly, for the first time in his life, did what he was told.

Next, the class was divided up into grades as the slender educator paced around the room, pointing to various students with his glittering Bowie knife. Upon hearing a snicker behind him, Harold walked directly to the front of the room and quietly opened a large window. Prior to entering the building, he had placed six tiny cans on a fence several yards away. In one fluid motion, he picked up one of the six-shooters and rapidly shot each of the cans into the air. Although Harold said not a word, the expressions on the students' faces were enough to show that they knew they were going to be educated whether they liked it or not.

Mid-mannered Harold Floty not only knew how to speak correct grammar, but his actions and six-shooter had spoken the language of the Comstock—one which would be obeyed.



ROCK GARDEN

MONG BOULDERS of quartz monzonite, just a few hours away, is a world apart. It is a rock garden, the home of some of the oldest, the largest and the rarest plants of the desert. Some of these plants can be seen nowhere else in all of the deserts of the Southwest. This ancient garden is near Parador Catavina-Santa Ines in northern Baja California.

So often when visiting a rock garden it is the rocks themselves that dominate the view. Take an area like the well-known Wonderland of Rocks in California's Joshua Tree National Monument. Even though there is a vast and ever-fascinating plant community present, the huge rocks dominate. But in this special Baja rock garden the rocks themselves are secondary; it is the plants that command attention.

Here in the northern interior desert of Baja are found numerous plants that cannot be found in the United States and some that cannot be found anywhere else in the world. And often these plants are huge, towering over the immense rocks that surround them. The most interesting of these plants must be seen to be believed, for their forms, too, are overwhelming. The cardon cactus, the elephant tree or torote, and especially the cirio or boojum are the plants that make this garden so very special. But one must not forget the myriad smaller plants either, plants as rare as the candelilla, as common as the numerous varieties of cholla, as specialized as the fan palm, and as ordinary as the creosote bush.

It is a difficult task to have to select one member of this plant community as being the most distinctive plant of the garden. But one truly is a Baja plant. Aside from a single small grove in Sonora, this tree grows only in a 150-mile-wide swath across northern Baja. And it is very unlike any other plant on earth. This is the cirio.

The cirio has long attracted the imagination of man. "Cirio" is the name

given the plant by the Mexicans because of its similarity to the wax tapers used in the church. It was not known to the scientific community until 1822 when Geoffrey Skyes first saw them. He called them the "boojum" after some mythical creatures in Lewis Carroll's *The Hunting of the Snark*. To the scientist it is *Idria columnaris*, the *Idria* part alluding to the cirio's resemblance to ancient Greek water jars.

Despite the rugged conditions under which they must survive, cirios may live to be hundreds of years old. Some might be as much as 800 years old, making them the oldest of desert plants. The bristlecone pine, the oldest of all plants, does live in the desert. But it is found high in the mountains far above the desert itself. The cirio is a plant of the desert floor. Size is no clue to age. Some plants grow as much as two inches per year while others just a few feet tall may be several hundred years old.

The cirio is the true individualist of the plant world. Some grow straight and tall, reaching a single branch to 40, 50 and even 60 feet. Others are madly branched and look much like a candelabra. In some all of the branches reach for the sky; in others they droop to grow along the ground. Occasionally a branch may be so curved as to be tied in a knot. Cirios—telephone poles armed with spikes and capped by brilliant yellow flowers. Boojums—each one different, each one striving to satisfy the imagination. *Idria*—the oldest resident of the desert.

Second to the cirio, and first in the minds of some, is the cardon cactus. The cardon is a regal cactus. It resembles the saguaro, to which it is closely related. The cardon is special for one outstanding reason—it is the largest of all the cacti. While the saguaro may be big, the cardon is often absolutely huge. Some have been found to weigh as much as 10 tons. Specimens standing 50 feet tall with trunks three feet thick are common. Common, too, are young plants just a



T. SCOTT

A cirio forest in a garden of rocks.

OF ANTIQUITY

few inches high, inconspicuous beneath their mesquite and creosote nurse plants.

Without nurse plants young cardons would not survive. Cardon seeds rarely develop into plants. Those that do grow need plenty of protection because the small plants are very tender. Hot summer sun will kill them as will cold winter frosts. Being succulent they are favored by many animals which nibble at the tops. This, too, will kill the seedlings. The dense foliage of the nurse plants affords the shelter and security that is necessary to assure survival.

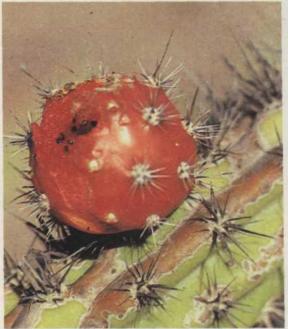
The mature cardon is an important plant to the animal community of the garden. The flowers provide nectar to bees, hummingbirds and doves. Birds such as gilded flickers with their red cheek patches, red-tailed hawks and even ospreys nest among the tallest branches. Without the cardon the grav-breasted cardon woodpecker could not survive. These birds peck nesting holes into the branches - holes which may later be used by finches, swallows, elf owls, and even lizards, bats and insects. These holes act as storage reservoirs for trapped rain water. But to man it is just simply cardon, the magnificent tree cactus.

Next in the desert parade is the elephant tree. Three different trees in Baja are known as elephant trees. In this area is the true elephant tree or torote. Like the cirio, it is practically restricted to northern Baja.

It is easy to see where the name comes from. The trunk and branches bear a strong resemblance to the legs and trunk of an elephant. The trunk of a tree just 10 feet tall might be three feet in diameter. This trunk and the short, fat, almost puffy-looking limbs are covered with a

smooth gray bark which peels off to reveal the yellow interior.

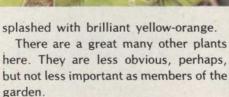
The elephant tree likes the rocky slopes found around Catavina and tends to grow right in among the boulders. It leaves the more open flats to the other members of the community. Like many other desert dwellers, the torote bears leaves only for a short time following a heavy rain; only rarely do they develop their pink or yellow flowers. They do show color, however, as the plant frequently plays host to the parasitic love vine, sometimes known as dodder or old man's hair. Then entire hillsides may be



Top: Pitahaya Dulce. Photo by Dallas Clites.

Left: Pitahaya Dulce fruit. Photo by Norman C. Roberts.

Below: The Garambullo cactus. Photo by Harry Crosby.



The rare organ pipe cactus also grows here. The only place this cactus grows in the United States is in Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument in southern Arizona. Those plants are rather small compared to these near Catavina. Here some specimens vie well with the cardon, many with arms 50 feet into the air.



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REPRINT DEPARTMENT DESERT MAGAZINE PALM DESERT, CALIF. 92260 The organ pipe was named for its fancied resemblance to the many pipes of a large church organ. A single plant might have as many as 20 branches, all sprouting from a stubby base and each one curving gracefully to the sky. Like the cardon, the organ pipe can be afflicted with a strange disease of unknown cause. The result, which resembles a badly deformed crest, is called a cristate growth. Regardless of its cause, the cristate does not seem to harm the plant as a whole.

The greenish-white blooms of the organ pipe are rarely seen for they open only at night. But the resulting fruits, though rare, were cherished by the Indians for their sweetness. In fact, the Mexican name of the organ pipe is pitahaya dulce; dulce is the Spanish word for sweet.

The senita, or old man cactus, a close relative of the organ pipe, is also present here. In the United States the senita is seen only in Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument and there are but a few scraggly specimens. It resembles the organ pipe in outward appearance, but is smaller and bears fewer branches. The 15-foot-tall arms are capped by a dense gray mat of long thin spines. These spines are soft to the touch if rubbing them down the branch. But don't rub them the wrong way! Their points are needle-sharp. The dainty pink senita flowers, too, are seldom seen. They open at dusk and wither by the next morning. The fruits, although small, are edible.

One of the commonest cacti here, as it is throughout Baja California, is the pitahaya agria. It is yet another relative of the organ pipe, but it does not live in the United States. This is not a pretty plant. The pitahaya is weatherbeaten and often dead looking. The very dark green and profusely spined branches writhe outward in haphazard fashion, many of them lying directly on the ground. These plants might be no more than two feet high yet as much as 20 feet in diameter. Nonetheless it is a very valuable plant. The purple flowers yield scarlet fruits. These edible "cactus apples" are considered to be the choicest and most dependable of all, and they do not ripen until late summer or early fall, months after the other cactus fruits have been harvested and used.

The chollas are also well represented. Here is the original cholla, *Opuntia*

cholla, a rather ugly plant with dangling, heavily-thorned fruits. The chocal would seem to be more cholla-like. It is a four-to five-foot-tall plant, its many branches almost fuzzy looking with thousands of spines. In the springtime the chocal explodes with beautiful yellow-green flowers. Here, too, grow the teddy bear and jumping cholla, the deerhorn cholla and several others.

A closer look will reveal other common but less representative cacti. The seemingly everpresent red-spined barrel cacti or bisnaga glow like warm fires among the boulders. Present also are several types of pad-bearing cacti such as the pancake cactus, the beavertail cactus and the hedgehog cactus. The strawberry cactus looks like a tiny senita but is really a diminutive relative of the giant cardon. Cactus after cactus, with almost endless variety, there is a different kind everywhere you turn.

The candelilla is easily overlooked despite the fact that it grows as tall as three feet and more. As with so many of the plants of this garden, you must go to Mexico to see the candelilla. It forms a dense stand of thick fleshy pale green stems. Waxy looking and all but devoid of leaves, the stems look like long, thin candles. The plant becomes obvious only in the spring when it blooms and then bears numerous brilliant red seed pods.

There is ocotillo almost everywhere you look. The plants here are the same as those in the American Southwest, but farther south Baja is also the home of a rare tree ocotillo. Dead looking through most of the year, sufficient rains will bring forth bright green leaves first and bright red flowers later. Look closely at the ocotillo flowers and at the miniature world that lives there. You will see scores of aphids, ants tending them and lady bugs striving to destroy them. Stand back and watch as hummingbirds flit in and out in their search for nectar. All of this on a single plant that is but a small part of the community.

After viewing this great variety of desert growth you come to a canyon. Deep within the canyon are stands of fan palms. A strange and unexpected scene it is, palm trees standing among the cirios and cardons.

Finally, of course, there are myriad commoner plants, the kinds that can be seen in any Southwestern desert. Creosote bushes are large and lush. Palo

verde and palo blanco grow along the washes. Where rock and soil and water are just right you may find oak trees. And wildflowers, too, so many different kinds, each with its own special blossom and purpose.

The Catavina rock garden is truly a place that must be seen to be appreciated. It is a fascinating area at any time of the year, but May and June, when the plants bloom, is naturally ideal. Then both the plants and weather are at their best.

One of the remarkable things about this special place is that it is just a day's drive from Southern California. The garden lies directly on the paved Transpeninsula Highway (Mexico Highway 1), just about 300 miles south of the border at Tijuana. The old Baja road crosses the paved highway at several spots in the area giving access to numerous fine campsites. Also, the government-operated Parador Catavina-Santa Ines offers gas, meals and lodging.

Baja is an amazingly different place. There is much to see and do between the border and Catavina. Before you go obtain a guidebook to Baja California—there are several good ones available. Above all, don't forget your camera.

EDITOR'S NOTE

For additional identification and information on the fascinating plants of Lower California, readers may purchase the beautiful Field Guide to the Common and Interesting plants of Baja California, by Jeannette Coyle and Norman C. Roberts. This recently published book is lavishly illustrated with 189 colored photographs of the most commonly encountered plants of the peninsula. The brief but adequate description of the plants includes habitat and location sightings, common names in Spanish and English, and plant uses and folklore. Books may be order (postpaid) directly from Natural History Publishing Company, P. O. Box 962, La Jolla, California 92037, \$8.50 for paperback edition and \$11.00 for hardcover. (California residences add 6% tax.) This field guide is a must for any Baja California traveler.

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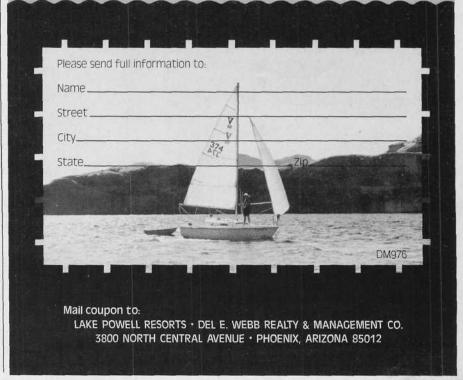
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Desert GHOSTS by HOWARD NEAL

Volcano, California

LOCATION: Volcano is located approximately 12 miles northeast of Jackson, California, and State Highway 49.

BRIEF HISTORY: The cannon was named Old Abe. More than a century ago the citizens of the now quiet community of Volcano believed that their Old Abe played as vital a role in the outcome of the Civil War as did its namesake.

Today, the barrel of the old cannon is cool, as its muzzle seems to stare out from its place of prominence toward the nearly silent streets of the former gold camp. At least once, though, its mouth belched forth a sound which possibly changed the course of war-time gold.

In 1863, Californians seemed undecided whether they should support the Union or the Confederacy. Each individual, in his own mind, had made a choice. No consensus, though, had been reached. The gold of the Mother Lode was the prize. In the balance was the possible outcome of the War.

In Volcano, opinion was about evenly divided. The Volcano Blues, a home-quard unit, was determined that Volcano gold was going north. The Knights of the Golden Circle, an organization of Southern sympathizers, was equally as strong in the belief that the precious metal should find its way to the Confederacy. Old Abe, an 800-pound bronze cannon, was to have a loud voice in the final decision.

Somehow, a member of the Volcano Blues learned that a cannon had been abandoned on a San Francisco dock. A member of the group was dispatched to purchase the weapon and have it shipped. by river steamer and wagon, to Jackson. At Jackson, the gun was loaded aboard the hearse of Volcano's mortician and quietly, at night, hauled to the store of one of the Northern sympathizers.

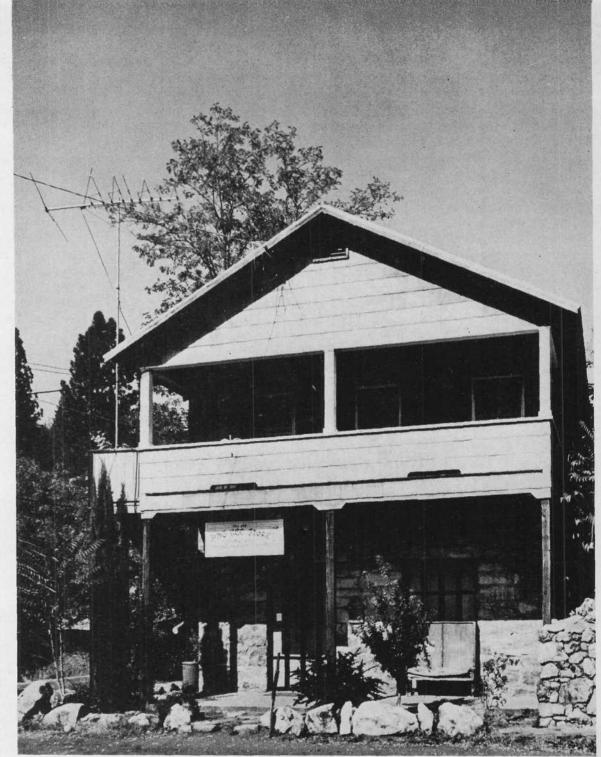
Apparently the cannon was called upon only once to be more than a threat. With the storekeepers who supported the Union warned, so that they could carefully shutter their windows, the Volcano Blues wheeled Old Abe onto Main Street and let

go with a blast which sent thunder through the entire town. Even though the load consisted only of black powder and wadded paper, the noise was enough to shatter the unprotected plate glass windows of those merchants who had not been warned.

Old Abe had settled the issue. Volcano gold was going north to support the Union.



The St. George Hotel is one of the few original gold-rush hotels offering food and lodging. Originally known as the Eureka, the hotel building was completed in 1862. More than a dozen buildings still standing in Volcano date from the 1850-1865 era.



The Sing Kee Store, which houses the **Adams Express** Agency, was built in 1851. Gold was discovered in what was first known as Soldier Gulch in 1848. Nearly \$90 million in placer gold was taken from the nearby streambeds between 1848 and 1865. **Photographs** by Howard Neal.

The North won the war, and the nation endured. The gold of Volcano, though, did not. By 1865, within two short years of Old Abe's noisy confrontation with the Confederacy, the gold had disappeared from Volcano's streams and the once roaring gold camp was nearly deserted.

During the 17 years between 1848 and 1865 Volcano had produced nearly \$90 million in gold. The town had reached a population of several thousand, but gold was its sustenance. When the rich placer deposits were depleted the miners moved on and

Volcano took its place among the quiet hamlets of the once rowdy Mother Lode.

VOLCANO TODAY: Idyllic is the best word to describe Volcano in the 1970s. Nestled in the trees of a beautiful, crater-like valley, the quiet town of few more than 100 people is far enough from the main highways to retain the genuine flavor of goldrush days. Old Abe is there, next to the Sing Kee Store. So is the old St. George Hotel, and more than a dozen other buildings, and ruins, that date from the 1850 to 1865 era.

HITE

Continued from Page 19

stand on the white sandstone base in the immediate vicinity of the Hite Marina, and dominate the shoreline for many miles downlake. These are topped in some places by sheer walls of Wingate Sandstone, layered Kayenta Sandstone and the rounded domes and fins of Navajo Sandstone. For miles below Hite, these massive, colorful cliffs are dwarfed by the soaring peaks of the Henry Mountains on the north side of the lake.

Uplake, in the main channel, the tilted crust of the earth has raised the white sandstone layers and allowed the river to cut into still more ancient Rico and Hermosa formations. These strata are rich in the fossilized remains of early life forms, some from the sea, some from land.

Utah 95 crosses the Dirty Devil arm and the main channel of the lake across beautiful steel bridges. Each of these bridges spans its gorge from one white sandstone rim to the other in one single, spectacular leap. The main span, a silvery rainbow high above the lake, is the first trace of civilization seen for days by those ending Cataract Canyon adventures.

On the south side of the lake, a side road goes to the Hite Marina and a nearby Park Service campground. As the lake waters have risen, the marina has had to be relocated several times. It was originally on the north shore. Now that the lake has almost reached its maximum elevation, permanent facilities are being constructed at Hite, including a paved access road, launch ramp, campground, marina facilities and associated services.

The Hite Marina offers boating, fishing and camping supplies, boat and

automotive fuels, fishing licenses, commercial tours and rental boats ranging in size from little fishing boats to big, luxurious houseboats. Nearby, between the two bridges, a dirt airstrip beside the highway is used to fly out Cataract Canyon river runners and to pick up those who want to take air tours of Lake Powell. The strip can also be used by private planes for easy access to this remote part of the lake.

Hite can be reached from any direction—via Interstate 70, Utah 24 and Utah 95 from the north and west; via U.S. 160, U.S. 163, Utah 261 and Utah 95 from the south, and via U.S. 163 and Utah 95 from the east. Those who live to the northeast, east and southeast of Lake Powell will find Hite to be their closest access to the lake

Activities at Hite are almost as varied as at the busier regions of the lake. Boating, fishing, sight seeing, air touring and exploring are equal to anywhere on the lake and, due to lighter boat traffic, waterskiing is even better.

Further, the unusual and varied geology of the Hite region offers scenic beauty that is outstanding, with the main road and several side roads affording a good look at the scenery even by car. In the Hite vicinity, graded dirt spur roads go to the Farley and White canyon arms of the lake, short trails lead to primitive camping and picnic sites on the slickrock shore of the Dirty Devil arm, and a fourwheel-drive trail leaves Utah 95 near the airstrip and heads for the Maze area of Canyonlands National Park. As Utah 95 approaches the lake from the north, a short paved spur goes to a spectacular viewpoint overlooking the entire Hite vicinity.

Even the approach routes to Hite offer

spectacular scenery. From the west, Utah 24 goes through high, green mountains, then Capitol Reef National Park and the long and colorful Fremont River Valley before joining Utah 95 at Hanksville. From the north, Utah 24 offers scenic views of the jagged eastern walls of the San Rafael Swell and a rolling, pink sand desert set with weathered sandstone outcroppings, before reaching Hanksville.

Between Hanksville and Hite, Utah 95 travels through more rolling, colorful sanddune country set against a backdrop of the Henry Mountains, before entering red-walled North Wash for the last outstandingly scenic 20 miles to the lake.

From the south, Utah 261 begins in the red-hued Valley of the Gods, an area similar to better-known Monument Valley, then climbs a spectacular series of switchbacks up onto Cedar Mesa where it continues on this high, wooded plateau to join Utah 95 near Natural Bridges National Monument.

Above: This lookout point, accessible from Utah 95 on the north shore of Lake Powell, offers an overall view of the Hite area. The Hite Marina is on the far side of the lake. Right: Now that the lake is nearly full, it is possible to boat for many miles up the Dirty Devil arm. The rock-walled canyon gets deep and narrow toward the end of the boatable water.

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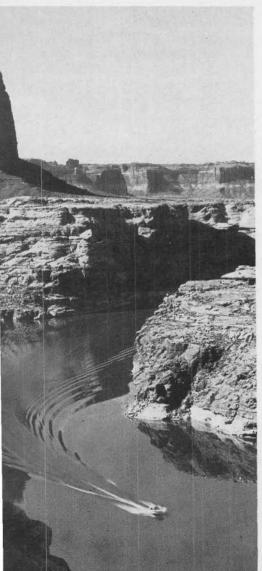
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From the east, Utah 95 winds through several colorful gorges, passes through an immense, man-made cut in the salmon-hued sandstone of Comb Ridge, crosses Comb Wash, then climbs up into the high, wooded foothills of the Abajo Mountains.

Beyond the turnoff to Natural Bridges, Utah 95 parallels the tortuous twistings of lovely White Canyon, so named for the white Cedar Mesa Sandstone that rims the scenic 35-mile-long gorge. On each side of the white-rimmed canyon, terraced cliffs of dark red sandstone stand in startling contrast, making this stretch of Utah 95 one of the most vividly colorful highways in an outstandingly colorful land. Between Natural Bridges and Hite, Utah 95 nears the White Canyon rim many times, offering tantalizing views into its verdant, well-watered depths, before finally bridging the canyon five miles south of the Hite Marina turnoff.

Yes, the Hite area is the beginning and end of activity on Lake Powell. It is the beginning of everything you could want in the way of boating, fishing, water skiing, scenic touring, camping and exploring, and makes a perfect ending for the incomparably thrilling adventure of riding the wild waters of the Colorado River through Cataract Canyon.

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EAST OF INDEPENDENCE

Continued from Page 23

promotional scheme; the mine didn't produce but the tunnel is a sturdy work of mining art.

Returning to the site of Kearsarge Station, turn north and follow the road along the railbed for three miles to the site of San Carlos. At this point, a hill juts out and almost touches the road. The old townsite is on the west. Walk around and you will find considerable evidence of former occupation. If lucky, you may spot an old bottle (there has been plenty of digging) or other mementos of the past.

Travelling historical trails can bring unexpected rewards. Ours came when, upon leaving San Carlos, we elected to follow dirt tracks leading to the Green Monster Mine. It is our habit to look over old copper mines, and as the result a few good mineral specimens have been added to our collection. We parked beside a large dump and scrambled to the top. The entrance to the adit was lined with intricate rock work whose south wall had collapsed and almost sealed off the opening.

Exploring around, we noted a trail heading up the mountain to adits on several levels. There was evidence of a small frame building, rock walls of a dugout on the hill and the rock walls of a large building which had probably been a residence. Immediately southeast of the dump, on the same level, we discovered some well-formed epidote crystals as a coating on aplite rock. They were little beauties of good color and would make excellent micromount or thumbnail specimens. A few small pieces of poor-

quality chrysocolla were also found.

The Green Monster is an old mine probably first claimed as a gold prospect in the 1860s. From 1903 to 1906 it was mined for copper, but less than 100,000 pounds of ore was produced. This is a contact metamorphic deposit. Chrysocolla and other copper minerals occur in a garnetized zone in limestone near an aplite intrusion.

Jerry had been nosing around the lower dump and spotted an area which appeared to have been a "dumping ground." He decided to dig a little and turned up three, blown-in-the-mold bottles, a silver spoon and a silver matchbox. The latter was a souvenir of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, Missouri in 1904. One side was an engraved likeness of Jefferson and Napoleon, the other side an engraving of the electricity building. Inside—were two matches. We were delighted with our mementos!

There are many other locales to visit in this general area. We explored several old mines and followed the railbed of the Carson and Colorado, both north and south of Kearsarge Station site. For those who have not done so, a visit to the Eastern California Museum at Independence will add considerably to your knowledge and enjoyment of this region.

When there is lots of ground to cover, it is a good idea to set up a base camp and spend your days exploring in differ-



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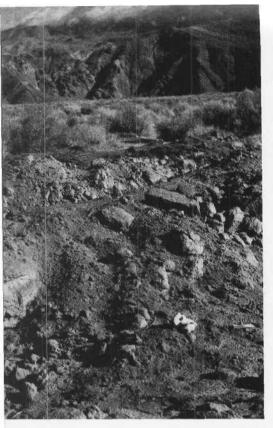
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ent directions. For those who prefer a campground, there is Inyo County's Independence Campground on Market Street, one-half mile west of Highway 395, or BLM's Symmes Creek Camp-

Only crumbling adobe walls remain at the site of Bend City—largest of the two original towns in Owens Valley. Bottle hunters and artifact collectors long ago ''dug'' the area but, even today, an occasional lucky find is made.

ground, three and one-half miles west of Market, then one and one-half miles south. Tables, water and chic sales are available at both.

We prefer to camp "away from it all," if possible. A more or less level spot for the trailer is all that is required. We chose a site in Mazourka Canyon, about two miles east of Kearsarge Station site, which offered a commanding view of the valley. Each morning we watched the first play of light on the Sierras' eastern face. After dinner, coffee was enjoyed as the last light of evening silhouetted the jagged peaks of this mighty bulwark of mountains.

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Rambling on Rocks

by GLENN and MARTHA VARGAS

THE RACETRACK: Where the Rocks Move

N OUR last column, we discussed Ubehebe Crater, and stated that it was one of the most interesting features of Death Valley National Monument. The Racetrack is certainly interesting, but we prefer to call it one of the perplexing features of the Death Valley region.

The Racetrack is a dry lake, located in a small valley south of Ubehebe Crater. The area between the two is wild and desolate, and the road is usually poor, thus it is not ordinarily attractive to visitors. The origin of the name is obscure, but some people claim that the Indians of the region held horse races there. Frankly, we doubt this. If one exercises his imagination, he might say that the lake resembles an oval racetrack, and the small hill near the center might be likened to a grandstand. This, we feel, is the origin of the name.

The feature about the Racetrack that we wish to discuss has nothing to do with

races, or any of the above ideas. This is a place where huge rocks move (and leave tracks) across the lake surface, without any visible source of energy. Many of these rocks weigh upward to 1,000 pounds, perhaps more. They have evidently moved distances up to 100 yards or more, and have, in some cases, changed directions during the movement. This movement is classed by many as an unsolved mystery, but we feel the answer is known. However, we will quickly admit that the story we are about to tell has not been proven. No one, to our knowledge, has ever seen the rocks move.

First, we should cite a bit of history. Our first notice of this lake came in a magazine article printed about 30 years ago. The story was presented simply as an unexplained phenomenon, with only a hint at a possible cause of the movement. This interested us greatly, and about five years later we took a group of people to visit the area and ponder the mystery.

We had heard a number of explanations. One attributed the movement to strong winds blowing across the lake when it had a thin layer of water on the surface. The lake surface is a clay, called bentonite, that is quite slippery when wet. We were shown pages of mathematics to prove the theory, and we must admit that these showed no error. The only point we found difficult to believe was the strength of the wind gusts which the mathematics showed were necessary. Our later visits to the lake showed us that these wind gusts had to be of far more than a few minutes duration, and thus would at least approach hurricane proportions.

The most fanciful explanation was based upon a possible tilting of the lake. Earthquakes were not definitely part of the theory, but were not denied. The Death Valley region is no more earthquake prone than most other parts of California (probably less), thus the tilting idea is not credulous. The tilting idea started from the fact that all the rocks that move have originated from a limestone hill on the east side of the lake. Surprisingly, there is virtually no loose pieces of this rock on the east shore of the lake. It must be assumed that each rock rolled violently down the hill, and with this momentum, rolled a good distance onto the lake surface. An earth-



quake could have started the rolling.

After the rock was on the surface, a tilting by an earthquake could have made it move. This really calls for two earthquakes, and one of them had to happen while the lake was covered with water. The theory falls apart because of the precise timing necessary, and that a number of rocks did not move in the exact same direction. Some made a definite direction change while moving,

One of the Park Rangers at Death Valley took the moving rocks as a project, and carefully surveyed the lake. He set triangulation lines and known points of reference so that he could determine if any movement took place during the time of this study. He recorded no movement, except that another person visited the area and laboriously lifted the rocks and weighed them. He ruined the Ranger's project by not placing the rocks back where he had found them.

After our visits we studied the matter, and asked questions of those whose thinking we respected. We made the acquaintance of a Doctor Stanley, who was Chairman of the Geology Department at Fresno State College. He gave us what we feel is the answer.

Dr. Stanley (an expert on lakes and shorelines) had pondered the moving rocks also. A most unique incident concerning a power line in Nevada gave him the clue to his explanation. The power line in question had one pole (the usual large steel type, set on concrete piers) located on the edge of a dry lake. Following a heavy winter storm, there was a power failure. A crew was sent out to investigate, and when they came to the dry lake, the wires were severed and the pole was gone! They returned to headguarters to take out the necessary equipment to replace the pole. To their surprise, when they returned, the pole was back, but not in the same place.

Investigation revealed that the pole had moved out into the lake (it left tracks), and then had returned. The storm had filled the lake with water to a depth of a number of feet. Shortly after, the lake had frozen over. More water flowed into the lake, and the pole was simply lifted out of place. Wind then moved the surrounding ice and the pole out into the lake. When the wind changed, the pole was returned.

Dr. Stanley reasoned that if this could happen to a power pole, then it could

happen to the rocks on the Racetrack. This can easily explain the sudden change of direction during movement. It can explain movement along a long easy curve. Most of all, it can explain two rocks seemingly moving in different directions. They did not move at exactly the same time.

The low specific gravity of the limestone is an important part of any of the theories of explanation. In any case, it would take less energy to move a lightweight rock across a slippery surface. The movement of the rock, across the surface, poses some interesting thought. If the rock slides (by any method) it will leave a track. In making a track, it pushes forward and to the sides, some of the mud over which it moves. If the full weight of the rock is exerted onto the surface, much mud must be pushed up in front, which will finally overcome the energy of the moving force.

We found very little evidence of mud piling up in front of the rocks. Our first thought was that perhaps the rock had rotated on an axis, thus dropping the mud to the side, but the tracks show no evidence of any turning, the grooves in the hardened mud are all parallel.

The lifting and carrying by ice explains this to our satisfaction. First, the ice can tend to lift the rock, thus it exerts less weight. It then follows that a shallower track will be made. If the track is shallow, any gathering of mud at the front of the rock will be minimum, or non-existent.

Even though we subscribe to Dr. Stanley's theory, we find questions that are difficult to answer. Did we view a situation where the rocks had moved only one time? We saw no evidence that there had been only one movement. We did not see conclusive evidence of a number of movements, but this seemed to be the better possibility.

Was there the exact amount of ice and further entry of water after ice had formed, to just elevate the rocks enough to make shallow tracks? Why was it not possible to have enough water to start movement, and then further entry of water to lift the rocks completely free of the mud? This could have made tracks that would have disappeared, and then reappear a distance away. We saw tracks of this type.

If this movement has been a repeated thing, it would seem logical that some

rocks would have moved to the western shore and stayed there. Most were found near the center of the lake. Why are there no rocks along the shore of the lake?

We are still perplexed, and feel that the mystery is not completely solved. \Box

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Letters to the Editor

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope

Has the Red Caboose . . .

If Mrs. Curtis has not found the painting "Red Caboose," I would be happy to send one to her. I have one in the fellowship of my church, and an extra copy. The one I have was painted by D. Milsap, and has the red caboose in the foreground and a watertank in the background.

REV. ROY D. BROKENSHIRE, Carlsbad, California.

More on Switch Padlock . . .

The lock mentioned by Bertha Pierce in the July issue is quite possibly a relative to one I own. Mine has a spring-loaded dust cover, and an eight-inch length of chain attached.

It is a memento of the old Chataqua and Peru line for whom I worked as a lady telegrapher. Moving mostly eggs and other fragile freight, it operated between Ithaca, Arizona and Chataqua, New Mexico, with a short side spur to Peru, New Mexico.

A unique feature was the bakelite-rubber composition wheels used on the rolling stock, which they owned, but their rights of way was contracted from the old P&R line.

I enjoy your magazine very much, especially the articles which include a little railroading.

IMA HUMPER, Trestle, California.

Editor's Note: Thanks to readers: Norman Moulton, Byron H. Byrd, Richard McClellan and Mrs. Charles Rayko, all of whom identified the switch padlock as belonging to the Central Pacific Railroad.

Yea for Art . . .

Your publication is the most awaited of all the publications our family read and enjoy. Living here in the rain belt of Oregon, we envy those who are to spend so many days each year savoring the excitement of desert living.

One of the main features of *Desert* we enjoy is the reproduction of Western Art, such as featured in the June, 1976 issue. Is it possible to secure colored 35mm slides of the various art selections as published? It would be a

great help to many to be able to project the slides for further enjoyment and for family or group discussion.

> LLOYD R. STUTSMAN, Winston, Oregon.

Editor's Note: We are sorry but slides are not available.

Boo for Art . . .

As a subscriber of several years and a reader of many more, I have been very disappointed by the disappearance of the beautiful cover photographs I have become accustomed to expect. I purchase your publication for articles on desert history and ghost towns. If I wanted an art magazine, I should buy one.

GRAHAM J. KOSTY, Oringa, California,



Remembers Barnwell . . .

I was just going through my current August copy of Desert Magazine, and noticed a "familiar" photo in Richard Taylor's article on "Coin Hunting in Barnwell."

I am forwarding five photos taken in that area in October 1959. Three of the photos show the same grave marking wooden headstone as in the article, but *before* the lettering was removed. As I remember, this was a metal plate.

In one photo, the graves at that time, in the foreground, had just recently been stripped of everything. Another photo is of a more recent grave also nearby and marked as of 1932.

The fifth photo is of nearby "Vanderbilt," at that time—a ghost town except for some mining, but still of great interest and occasionally giving up old relics.

RAY A. HARRIS, Acton, California.

Calendar of Events

This column is a public service and there is no charge for listing your event or meeting—so take advantage of the space by sending in your announcement. We must receive the information at least three months prior to the event.

SEPTEMBER 10-12, Gem and Mineral Show sponsored by the Wasatch Gem Society, University of Utah Special Events Center, Salt Lake City, Utah. Chairman: James C. Bean, 213 Leslie Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah 84115.

SEPTEMBER 11 & 12, 6th Annual "Gemboree" of the Santa Maria Gem & Mineral Society, Convention Center Fairgrounds, Santa Maria, Calif. Displays, demonstrations, dealers. Free admission and parking.

SEPTEMBER 11 & 12, Sequoia Gem & Mineral Society's 10th Annual "Harvest of Gems and Minerals" show. Redwood City, Calif., Recreation Center, 1120 Roosevelt Ave. Dealers space filled. Chairman: Bill Byrd, 1332 Acacia Ave., Milpitas, Calif. 95035.

SEPTEMBER 18 & 19, Gem and Mineral Show, "The Show That Shows How," presented by the Mother Lode Mineralites of Auburn, Fairgrounds, Auburn, California. Free admission.

SEPTEMBER 18 & 19, 8th Annual Antique Bottle Show and Sale, sponsored by the San Bernardino County Historical Bottle and Collectible Club. San Bernardino Convention Center, 303 N. "E" St., in San Bernardino, Calif. Admission. Educational displays.

SEPTEMBER 18 & 19, Long Beach Mineral and Gem Society's 32nd Annual Show, Signal Hill Community Center, 1708 East Hill St., Signal Hill, Calif. Free.

SEPTEMBER 25 & 26, Centinela Valley Gem and Mineral Club's "Harvest of Gems" Show, Hawthorne Memorial Center, El Segundo Blvd., and Prairie Ave., Hawthorne, Calif. Dealers, displays, demonstrations, prizes and food. Free parking.

SEPTEMBER 25 & 26, El Monte Gem and Mineral Club, Inc., 10th Annual "Magic in Rocks" Show, Masonic Temple, 4017 Tyler Ave., El Monte, Calif. Chairman: Ruth McBlain, 4737 Cogswell Rd., El Monte, Calif. 91732.

SEPTEMBER 25 & 26, Carmel Valley Gem and Mineral Society's 17th Annual Show 'Jubilee of Jewels,' Monterey Fairgrounds, Monterey, California.

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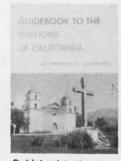
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